

C N CALLING

To Understand
All is to
Forgive All

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

SWITZERLAND,
EUROPE'S
LITTLE
UNITED STATES

See middle pages

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EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF TWO VALLEYS

A Natural Wonder of New Zealand A FLYING MAN'S SURPRISE

A NEW ZEALAND airman flying over flooded country has made a discovery which adds a new chapter to the history of a remarkable event.

He was flying over the country round about the town of Napier and kept a look-out for Lake Tehoe, which was one of his landmarks. He could not find it, and was puzzled, for Lake Tehoe was on his map as a lake over four miles long and nearly a mile wide, and it was known to be 260 feet deep. For its size it was one of the youngest lakes in the world, Nature having dramatically brought it into existence only seven years ago.

Lake That Disappeared

The lake was made by the flooding of a mountain valley in the great convulsion of the earthquake which laid in ruin the town of Napier in February 1931. Not only did the earthquake ruin the town, but it did two other extraordinary things. It raised thousands of acres of mud flats in Napier Harbour, so that with the rebuilding of the town these acres were converted into dry land, and they are now producing crops; and it raised the land at the gorge of the Tehoe River so that the water was held captive and Lake Tehoe was ready to be put on the map.

The reason why the New Zealand airman could not find the lake the other day is that it has disappeared.

It has had a short life of seven years. What has happened has been a strange experience for all who have witnessed it, but for one sheep farmer it has been an almost incredible chapter of life. The flying men in crossing the valley during the last seven years have declared that they could see the site of the sheep farmer's home which before the earthquake stood at the bottom of the valley, and was afterwards covered by 260 feet of water, but the trees round the old homestead were still standing in the bed of the lake.

A Floating Farmhouse

At the time of the earthquake, as the water began to rise in the valley, the farmer realised that his farm would be submerged in a few days, and he had an ingenious idea. His farm buildings were built of wood set on piles, and he called his men and cut through the piles so that as the water rose the buildings floated towards the banks. When the water had reached its natural height the buildings were set on new foundations on the edge of the lake, and there they stand to this day. Now there is no more lake, and they look down into

the bed of the valley where they used to be. Nature has raised them to their higher state. We may doubt if any other farmer in the world can tell such a queer story of his farm buildings.

There is no mystery about the disappearance of the lake. It was brought into being by an earthquake and it has disappeared in a flood.

There have been tremendous rains in the country round, and the terrific pressure of water has broken down the dam made by the earthquake, so that the waters of the lake swept with the flood waters down the gorge, carrying away a traffic bridge and leaving the valley as it used to be.

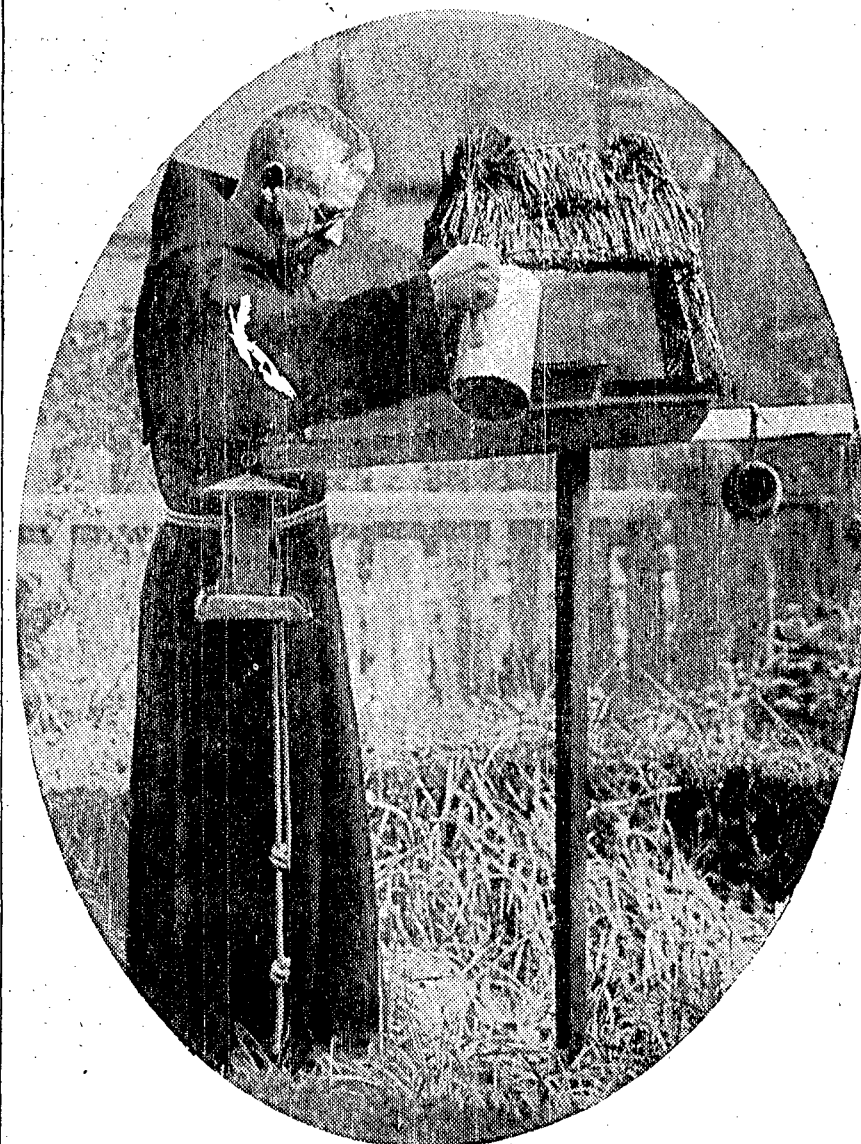
There is one great lesson in the story of these phenomenal floods; it is the lesson which America and many other parts of the world are learning at a great price—the folly of destroying the forests. In New Zealand the early settlers cut down the forests for timber, or to turn the hillsides into pastures for sheep, and now the floods coming down the hill bring the soil with them and leave the hillsides bare. There are no forests to absorb the floods.

A Labour of Hercules

On April 25 this year, while New Zealanders were celebrating Anzac Day, the beautiful valley of the Esk River, near the town of Napier, was buried several feet deep under a sea of silt. The silt will take months to dry and its removal would be a labour of Hercules. The old fields and orchards of the valley are gone; to excavate them would be impossible. The settlers in the Esk Valley are in much the same position as the people who returned to the battlefields of France and Belgium after the Great War; they have to start again on a new level. For months this silt-covered valley of 20,000 acres must remain in a state of desolation.

In the old days the mountain ranges through which the Esk River runs were clothed in magnificent forests, but the speculators and the timber merchants have stripped them bare of timber, and the silting-up of the valley is the result. The trees must be replanted, and it will be a slow and costly business, but not so costly as to leave tens of thousands of acres of flat land under a sea of silt. Though houses have been buried in the mud there was happily no loss of life in the flooding of the valley. Nature has taught man one more lesson with no loss of life. It is a remarkable chapter of natural history that the floods which gave one valley back to the people should have taken another from them.

His Spirit Carries On



The Spirit of Saint Francis carries on. This Friar, a member of his Brotherhood, is providing for his little brothers the birds at Walsingham in Norfolk

A KETTLEFUL OF WATER V C Comes Into the News Again

It is an ill wind that does not blow a little good somewhere.

Last month one of the heroes of our battlefields, a Leicestershire V C of the South African War, Corporal William Bees, was fined at Coalville Police Court for not having a licence for his pet dog, and on the matter being mentioned in the newspapers the gallant corporal received money from many parts of the country to pay his fine and buy a licence. Since then his case has come before the British Legion, and as it has been found that the corporal has been for months in failing health the Legion has granted him a pension of ten shillings a week.

Corporal Bees won his V C before the British Legion came into existence, but he richly deserves their aid, for he joined Kitchener's Army in 1914 when he was 42, was discharged through

sickness, joined again, and was not discharged until after the end of the war.

The tale of his V C reminds us of the story of Philip Sidney, for the heroic act which brought him fame was in giving a cup of water to his comrades. He was a private in the Maxim gun detachment at Moedwil. There were nine of them, and six were hit, and, hearing his wounded comrades asking for water, Corporal Bees went forward under heavy fire to a spring held by the Boers 500 yards ahead of the gun. He had to pass within a hundred yards of some rocks also held by the Boers, but he brought back a kettleful of water—with not only water in it but a few bullet holes, which happily did not drain the water out.

Corporal Bees is now 66, and has been a roadman with his district council.

THE HALL OF TWO BROTHERS

Lord Baldwin on the World's Great Need

The Wiltshire town of Wilton, Salisbury's little neighbour, has a new hall built by one brother in memory of another, and opened by one who has loved them both.

The brother who has built the hall is Sir Sidney Herbert, M.P., the brother in whose memory it is built was Michael Herbert, and the man who opened it was Lord Baldwin, who was invited because Michael had for him the "greatest admiration, respect, and affection of any man in the world." Sir Sidney Herbert and his brother are grandsons of the Sidney Herbert who befriended Florence Nightingale.

So it was that Lord Baldwin spoke of the hall as beginning in the love of two brothers. Family affection was no new thing in Sir Sidney Herbert's family, he said. It was at Wilton that a lady who married into that family lived with her brother Philip Sidney for many years and Wilton was the home of that incomparable pair of brethren to whom was dedicated the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays.

A Country of Individuals

He used the word Love, said Lord Baldwin, and could anyone who realised what was going on in the world help feeling that love is the one thing that is wanted and the one thing man has forgotten?

Lord Baldwin then went on to speak of England as having always been a country of individuals. He urged them to get away, if they could, from mechanised amusement, mechanised reading, and mechanised thought, and to be themselves a part of the old English countryside, and, continuing, he said:

Be your own performers for your own amusement. Be yourselves, think your own thoughts, act as you will; be individual, be independent. Then, indeed, it will be a blessing to you and will counteract what I believe to be one of the greatest dangers that may threaten our civilisation. The countryside of England and of most countries is the necessary makeweight of the towns. It is more solid, it is steadier, it is less liable to be rattled and less liable to be mechanised. The greatest service you can do to your native land in the country regions is to keep as intact as you can that heritage of independence which has come down to you from your fathers, and let the countryside be the last part of England to be mechanised in thought, in word, and in deed.

Land For the Maori Farmers

New Zealand is making great efforts to encourage the native Maoris to become farmers on the same terms as the British settlers.

An area of 808,175 acres has been scheduled for development into farms for Maoris, and the number of houses built for Maori farmers last year by the Government was 576. Money was also provided to erect 172 native houses at a cost of £59,000, and a further grant of £48,000 was made to build houses for natives in poor circumstances. This means that £276,000 has been provided to build 928 Maori dwellings.

The old-time Maori Captain Cook found when he made New Zealand known to the world was a skilful agriculturist; the Maoris of today become good farmers whenever they are given the opportunity.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cana	Cay-nah
Lugano	Loo-gah-no
Rousseau	Roo-so
Tehoe	Tee-ho
Tuatera	Too-a-tay-rah

The Green Lizard in Its Sleep FORGETTING ITS FRIEND

DR F. M. HAINES has been showing his students at London University a film of the daily life of his pets, a number of skink lizards and giant toads, which, living year in and year out in his sitting-room, are as tame as kittens, and eat and drink from his fingers or from spoons held to them.

The C.N. naturalist, who has had experiences with pet reptiles, wonders what would happen to this partnership between the doctor and his snakes and toads were the creatures permitted to hibernate instead of being kept in a state of activity by the warmth of the room through the winter.

During the spring of last year a London man found a green lizard in the conservatory which covers the entire width of the rear of a house built in the time of Shakespeare. At first the lizard fled in terror at his approach, but the man persisted in his efforts to tame it, and succeeded.

He would place a mealworm on the floor and then stand six feet away, remaining motionless while the lizard, after many timid dashes and circlings, rushed at the food and seized and carried it to the shelter of the ferns and rockery under the staging. Little by little the man shortened the distance at which he stood, until after two or three weeks the lizard was emboldened to take a mealworm from his fingers before retreating to the rockery.

Growing Bolder and Bolder

From that the lizard grew bolder and bolder until at last it would rest on the man's hand and eat its mealworm there; and finally it would run up to him unbidden and permit him to fondle and carry it about. By the end of the summer the two were fast friends, and the sound of the man's voice would instantly summon the little lizard from hiding; it was so confident that it played about him while going through the discomfort of skin-casting.

With the coming of autumn the lizard vanished, and for six months it hibernated. May came, and it reappeared in the conservatory. It had completely forgotten its human friend!

News of a Button

About fifty years ago a man in a garden at Dunham-on-Trent, near Newark, lost a button.

We know it was about that time because it is one of the old-fashioned buttons which have not been worn since then, and it came apparently from a workman's trousers. Nature has brought it to light again in a very curious way. The root of a radish worked its way through the buttonhole. The radish grew and the time for gathering radishes came, and a good friend of the C.N. writes to say that the button was attached to one of the radishes.

The friend who sends us the news has a remarkable collection of a thousand pieces of Chinese ivory, but we doubt if any of them is more interesting to him at the moment than this bit of bone which a radish has added to his collection.

Japan Needs Australia's Iron

A general embargo on the export of iron ore imposed by the Australian Government this summer has brought a strong protest from Japan, which declares that the Japanese people have invested much capital in the Yampi Sound mines of Western Australia.

The protest refers to the fact that certain Powers have urged the free access to resources as a practical means of achieving appeasement, and asks Australia to reconsider her decision in view of the friendly relations existing between the two countries.

It fled from him with the same fear as when they first met. He has had to woo its confidence in the same way as before, and at the end of a month it regained just sufficient valour to snatch a mealworm from his fingers, but not to remain there to eat it.

Now this strange forgetting seems comparable with the experience of Major Stanley Flower a few years ago with spotted salamanders. From a family of between 20 and 30 young ones presented to him by one of the adults he decided to rear three, which he kept in a bowl on his study table. At first they would dash into hiding among the rocks and weeds of their bowl the moment he approached, but gradually they grew to know him, to take food from his fingers, and if he did not at once notice them they would rush about the bowl and endeavour to get out of the water to him.

Forgotten as a Dream

Gradually they passed through the change from the tadpole stage to that of the perfect air-breathing salamander, and then, like the awakened lizard, they did not know their friend, but dashed away in terror at his approach. It took months, with just the same care and precautions as when they were in the larval stage, before they regained confidence, tolerated his approach, and finally fed from his hand.

So, in undergoing their great change from water-breathers to air-breathers, amphibians forget all they knew; and the experience with the lizard which forgot its lessons during its deep winter sleep seems to suggest that a similar wiping out of stored memories attends the lapse into that six-month death-like trance.

With food and artificial warmth we can keep cold-blooded reptiles awake, active, and intelligent through the winter; if we let the chill of the season reduce them to insensibility all but instinctive memory passes from them like a dream from a human mind at the moment of awakening, so that friends and their ways of feeding them are forgotten as if they had never been.

Bringing America Up-To-Date

Mr Roosevelt has made a notable speech, in which he claimed credit for what his Government has done since 1933 to bring nearer to realisation:

the ideals of ending child labour, of initiating the five-day week, of shortening working hours, of putting a floor under wages, of clearing slums, of bringing electricity into homes, of giving families a chance to build or buy homes on easy terms, of starting old-age pensions and unemployment insurance.

It is remarkable that most or all of these reforms were won in this country very many years ago.

An Alpine Hut

Mountaineers will be able to spend the night in a hut constructed to keep out both cold and heat when climbing near Chamonix.

This hut for 20 people has been made of duralumin coated inside with asbestos, and the bedding is also made of asbestos, so that the hut will be fireproof as well as temperature-proof.

Shamrock

The Editor sends his greetings to An Irish Grandma who sends him a little shamrock, and assures her that the C.N. does not believe that the Irish folk are all "as black as they are painted"—or, indeed, that any people in the world are as black as they are painted. Shamrock for ever!

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Just over a hundred leaves of the Canterbury Tales printed by Caxton were sold the other day at Sotheby's for £820.

St Peter's School in York, one of the oldest schools in England, has received a gift of £35,000 from Mr Riley-Smith of Tadcaster.

A well-known parrot which is said to have travelled 100,000 miles in 105 years has lately died at Brighton.

It is estimated that ten thousand schoolchildren have been killed in the Spanish Civil War.

Colonel T. E. Lawrence's cottage in Dorset is being handed over to the National Trust.

Italy has built a new liner for Norway, and Norway has paid for it with her surplus of codfish.

The Surtax collected from 100,000 people next year is expected to pay for all our Social Services—£265,000,000.

There was landed in this country the other day a cargo of 108 colonies of bees, numbering over two millions.

A large number of Church leaders in Germany has declared that they cannot take the oath of loyalty to Hitler.

A hundred thousand specimens of moths have been left to the Natural History Museum by Mr Edward Meyrick.

The oldest member of the Grandfathers Club at Woolwich is 90.

Edgar Wallace left debts amounting to nearly £100,000, which have been all paid off by the profits from his books and plays since his death.

The Seven Sisters

From Tottenham comes news of a birth and death in the neighbourhood of the well-known Seven Sisters Road.

The death, we are glad to say, is only that of an elm, but it is one of the famous Seven Sisters planted on Page Green by seven little sisters over half a century ago. One of the little girls is now Mrs Edith Rowe, and she is paying for the old tree to be replaced by a new one.

The Down-and-Out

A Blackpool man had a delightful surprise in a busy Manchester street the other day.

Seeing a man apparently down-and-out, he gave him twopence for a cup of tea, and was a little startled a few moments after when the down-and-out came running up and asked him please to accept a pound note for his kindness.

THINGS SEEN

Builders waiting for a thrush family to leave its nest before completing a concrete floor.

Snapdragons over six feet high at a flower show.

Over 30 projecting shop signs in 100 yards in Nottingham.

THINGS SAID

We have nothing against a Jew as Jew. Herr Hitler

A nation which spends three hours a day in cinemas is not going to produce another Shakespeare, another Nelson, or another Scott.

Sir Charles Grant Robertson
Artna glad thart wick?

A Lancashire greeting
Germany's wish for a peaceful settlement is unimpeachable.

General Goering's paper
If Italy one day needs Spain, Spain will be ready. General Astray

Let the composer express the emotion of peace, something we all need.

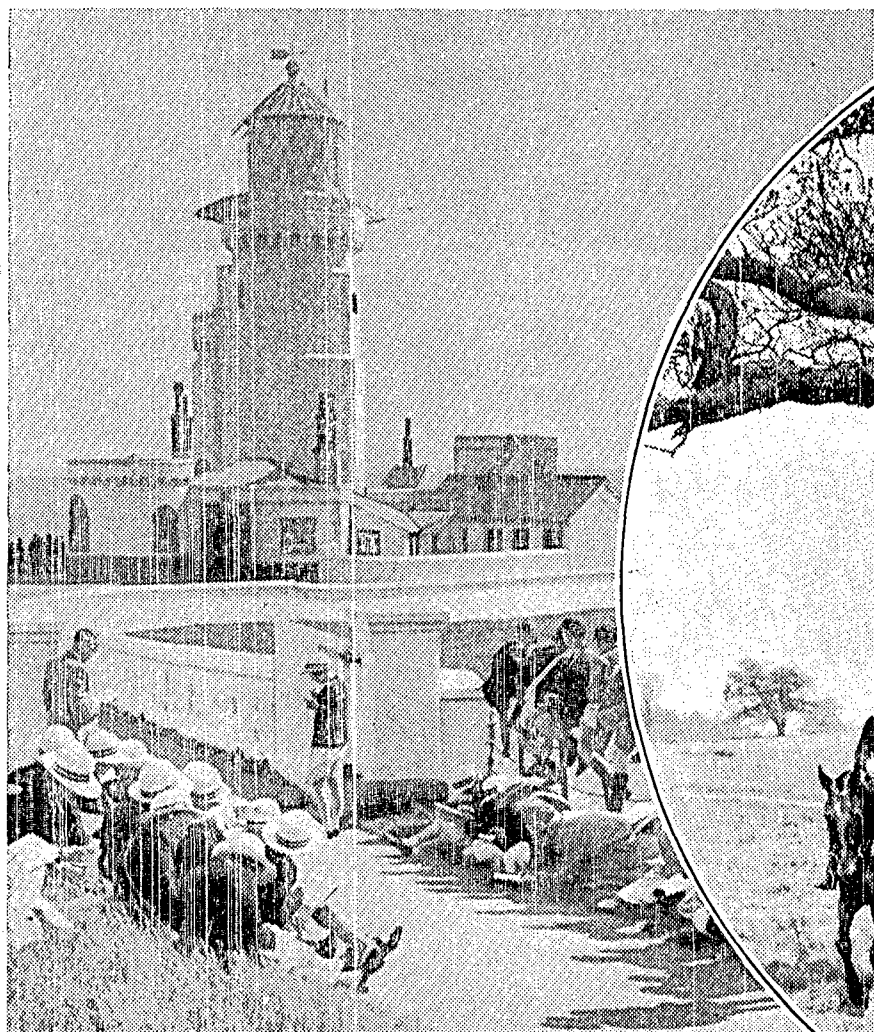
Dr Malcolm Sargent
In no age has the general public taken much interest in anything except eating. Mrs Robert Mayer

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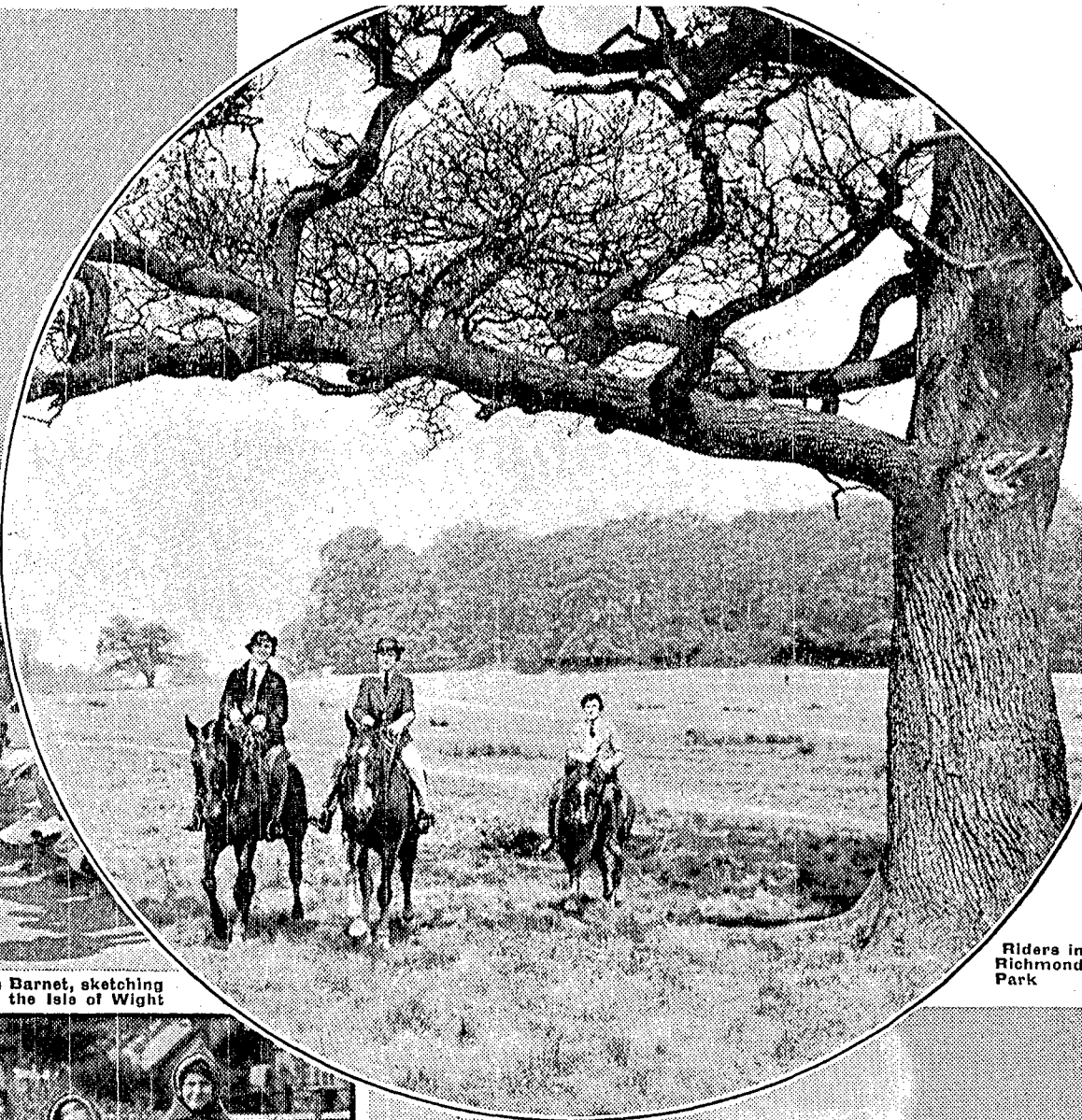
The Children's Newspaper

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School on Holiday • Landing From Mid-Air • Rooftop Studio



School Holiday—Girls and boys of Cromwell Road School, Friern Barnet, sketching St Catherine's Lighthouse during an instructional holiday in the Isle of Wight



Riders in Richmond Park



Regatta Day—Girls of Belstead High School, Aldeburgh, well protected against east winds on the day of their regatta held on Thorpeness Mere



Roof-top Studio—Mr George Ayling, the artist, finds a subject for his canvas by painting the view from his roof near Kew Gardens



Alighting from Mid-Air—A first-aid man descending by rope from a hovering autogiro during a demonstration at Saint Germain in France

UNDER THE GREAT WATERS

Kingsford-Smith Mystery Solved

It has at last been definitely established that the wreckage found last year on Ayu Island was a fragment of Kingsford-Smith's aeroplane.

The wheel and the part of the under-carriage which had been washed up on the coast of this island in the Dutch East Indies were sent to the makers of the machine at Los Angeles. The experts have declared that without any doubt the wreckage belonged to the Lady Southern Cross, and they returned it to the Burma Government, whose zoologists have examined the marine growths on the wheel and have found that they are of the kind found at a depth of 15 fathoms.

The rest of the plane, therefore, lies under the sea, the airman having failed to reach land in his flight to Australia in November 1935. These investigations explain why the exhaustive search for the missing airman at the time of his disappearance proved unsuccessful.

Drunken Drivers Beware

Something very like the days of the pillory are coming back to the United States, for Boston now has a cage on wheels, a strange contraption drawn by a horse.

To see it slowly perambulating the city one might think it was on its way to fetch a cargo of wild animals, perhaps lions or tigers; but a notice printed in flaming letters tells us that this cage is not for animals but for people. The notice reads:

WARNING

Drunken Drivers Beware

It is hoped that the fear of being seen in this cage will help to reduce the number of drunken motorists on the American roads. Fines and imprisonment do not seem to be successful in this matter, but perhaps the one-horse circus will teach all who suffer the ignominy of being on show behind its bars to keep sober at the wheel.

We may not like to see a man in a cage, but it is no worse than to see a man drunk at the wheel of a car.

What Our Farms Produce

One of the most interesting and important of the official returns is an estimate of the value of the output of farms in England and Wales.

This is now completed to include even glasshouse produce, flowers grown in the open, and nursery-garden products.

In the last agricultural year the value was £220,600,000, or £18,000,000 more than seven years ago. Only one big fall is shown—in cattle and calves. Here are the main divisions of produce in the year ending in 1937.

Livestock and products	£ 148,300,000
Farm Crops	39,800,000
Fruit and Vegetables	23,700,000
Glasshouse and Nursery Gardens	8,800,000
	£220,600,000

The biggest item is milk and milk products, £55,800,000. It is regrettable to see wheat figuring for only £6,700,000. The biggest crop is potatoes, which were worth £14,500,000 last year. Fruit beats wheat by £1,600,000; in time of war we could dispense with fruit but not with bread.

Taking quantities and ignoring prices, the farm output last year was 17 per cent bigger than seven years ago. We need a much bigger advance.

London is Slowly Sinking

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE LAND

A WRITER on science the other day made the striking statement that in 5000 years London has sunk 80 feet, the maximum height allowed for its buildings.

That is to say, in 5000 years at this rate the natural sinking of London would bury everything in it that we can see today.

It is difficult to imagine London 80 feet higher than it is, but we have plenty of proof that the Earth is gradually rising in some places and falling in others. These changes in the height of the land above the level of the sea are different from those due to the washing away of the soil by rain, erosion, or the piling up of shingle beds by tidal action, or of mud and gravel brought down by rivers. They are due to the actual rise or fall of the strata in consequence of the expansion or contraction of rocks deep down in the crust of the Earth.

Evidence of the rise of parts of our country above sea-level is abundant, for wherever we come across a beach raised above sea-level we know the land has risen there.

The rate of change in the elevation of an island exposed to a tidal ocean like our own is not easy to calculate, but two centuries of observation of the coast of the Baltic, a tideless sea, have proved that Sweden is rising and rising in some areas faster than in others. Stockholm is 18 inches higher than it was a century ago, places to the north having risen twice as much and places to the south half as much.

Hard Times at a Zoo

WHEN we read last winter of the terrible floods in Hollywood and Los Angeles, that rendered so many thousands of people homeless and helpless, few of us would stop to think of the plight of animals in this catastrophe.

But the park belonging to the California Zoological Society was seriously damaged and many of its fine animals drowned. For three weeks the place was in chaos. The gates had to be closed while cages were repaired and debris removed.

This interesting zoo, run as a non-profit-making enterprise, depends for its revenue on admission fees and occasional sums paid by film companies for the loan of its animal film stars. With income cut off, the animals had to be put on half rations, then on less and

Near Naples, on the shore of another land-locked sea, is a striking example of the rise of the land and of a sinking which preceded it not 2000 years ago. Here stand three columns of a temple rising from a floor which is a little below high-water. These columns are smooth up to a height of twelve feet, but for the next nine feet they are pitted with the holes made by shellfish which only live in the sea. Above, the columns are smooth again.

The land with the temple must therefore have sunk below the sea and come up again, the fact that no borings occur on the lower parts of the columns being accounted for by their burial under volcanic ash from Vesuvius.

Evidence of the sinking of the Thames Estuary and other parts of our island is obtained from submerged forests and from the formation of the fjords on the west of Scotland, which are river valleys that have sunk below sea-level and been submerged by its waters.

There is a submerged forest in the Thames Estuary, and when a dock was being made at Barry in Wales four submerged forests were found, one above the other, proving a subsidence of 55 feet.

The nature of the inlets of Essex, too, prove that they have been formed as the fjords of Scotland were formed, the sea having advanced up the river valleys owing to the sinking of the land. The rate of subsidence must always be a matter for conjecture, unless some definite evidence (such as coins in a submerged grave) is forthcoming.

still less, until some became too weak to stand on their feet. The manager worked without salary so that the money could go for their food.

The situation finally became so serious that the City Humane Department announced that the animals would have to be painlessly put out of the way and the zoo closed.

Immediately cheques began to pour in. Actors and actresses in Hollywood, who knew the animals personally, sent big cheques; a circus sent a contribution; Los Angeles schoolchildren put their pennies together to help, and suddenly people who had not been to the zoo for months became curious to know how the poor animals were. Gate receipts mounted, with the result that the situation was saved.

Where There's a Will

Australian Scouts live up to their motto, for the Scouts of West Perth have shown themselves prepared for any amount of hard work.

Over 18 months ago they needed headquarters, but money was scarce. "Very well," said Scoutmaster D. E. Seaman, "we will build our own."

That is what they have done. While some of the boys made 10,000 cement bricks, others worked as bricklayers, masons, or carpenters. Bit by bit the new headquarters have risen before the eyes of these determined lads.

But there is no need to go all the way to Australia to find Scout grit, for Preston Scouts are making a fine attempt to earn a summer holiday.

Scouts of the St Peter's Troop, they have been given a quantity of wood which they are chopping into firewood and selling from door to door in the hope of raising at least two pounds each towards their expenses. Their ambition is to go to Belgium, and if hard work is all that is necessary there is no doubt St Peter's Scouts will win through.

Witchcraft on the Farm

From time immemorial it has been the custom of farmers to keep a goat about their premises in the belief that in some mysterious way the goat preserved the health of the other animals.

Now Professor Scott Watson, the famous agriculturist, has dropped a bombshell among such believers.

The practice, he says, is simply a survival of the age of superstition. Seeing their animals suddenly stricken by mysterious diseases, the farmers of old, knowing nothing of germs, attributed such misfortunes to witches, and as the goat was supposed to possess mystic gifts it was kept about the farm to ward off the evil eye.

We once asked a famous veterinary surgeon why he kept two goats about his stables. "The people who bring their animals to me," he answered, "think there is far more virtue in the presence of a goat than in all my care and medicine; so, if one goat comforts them, two goats send them home quite confident in the cure of their sick animals." A queer idea!

THE MAGIC CARPET TO THE ALPS

This Very Kind World

Then her fairy-godmother waved her wand, and in the twinkling of an eye Cinderella found herself wearing a gown of gold and silver; and when she looked out of the window she saw a wonderful coach with horses and coachman, and six footmen ready to wait on her.

Something even more wonderful than this is to happen to 25 lucky boys and girls in our distressed areas, for they are to be whisked off from their slag-heaps to the majesty and loveliness of the Alps.

It is one of the happiest fairy tales of our day, and behind it stands Herr Hans Kunzi, the Mayor of Adelboden, whose only anxiety seems to be to assure everyone that he is not a fairy, though all his arguments come to nothing, for he is.

A Mayor's Happy Idea

He must be, if he is to make it possible for 25 boys and girls, sons and daughters of the unemployed, to spend a whole month in a village among the Swiss Alps. It seems that an English visitor to Adelboden had been talking to Herr Kunzi of the steps taken by various authorities here to help the unemployed, and that he had said, casually, "If only some Alpine fairy would wave her magic wand and transport some of the children to Adelboden!"

The chance word fell like a seed into the mayor's thoughts. It grew, and now it has become a plan for making happiness in dreary lives, and giving health and strength to boys and girls who all along have been handicapped by poverty.

A Memorable June

From South Wales, County Durham, Tyneside, and Cumberland the lucky boys and girls are to be gathered. The Mayor of Adelboden, having discussed the arrangements with his friends, is preparing to receive these English guests, who are to live in selected homes in the village. Sir George Gillett, Commissioner for the Distressed Areas, is leaving all the arrangements at this side to the National Council of Social Service, and, although that excellent body has no special funds for this purpose, it is undertaking to pay the children's railway fares and to provide them with pocket-money.

The boys and girls from the mining villages, with their dismal surroundings and constant reminder of hardships, are leaving on June 13; and we may be sure that, however frequently Herr Hans Kunzi tells them he is not a fairy with a magic wand, these 25 boys and girls will never believe him.

THE POOR AND THE POOR

What the Little Village Did

Says one of the characters in an old melodrama, "It's the poor wot helps the poor," and we have been hearing of how this is done by the Mothers' Union.

One branch has just brought 140 tired mothers from Sheffield to spend a fortnight in a southern county. Each visitor is the honoured guest of the inhabitants of a certain area.

One of the tiniest villages concerned needed money with which to pay the fare and other expenses of their guest. They held a jumble sale and realised over £10 for the purpose.

The visitor was received at a village house where she had bed and breakfast and supper for a fortnight. Each day she went to a fresh house, 14 in turn, and was given a hot dinner and taken out for the afternoon, to return for a tea worthy of Yorkshire, and to go back content to her sleeping home.

A BRAVE THING

A wonderfully brave thing was done at Peshawar last March, and the man who did it has just been officially commended.

He is, Lieutenant W. H. Barlow-Wheeler, of the Sikh Regiment. He was in the Peshawar Club when a mad dog raced into the rooms and attacked a woman. The lieutenant rushed up to the animal, caught hold of it, and held it for over 30 minutes till someone was able to shoot it. He was bitten ten times, but never let go, and the dog was shot while he held it between his knees.

A DRY YEAR

At Youghreave, one of Derbyshire's charming villages, someone looking through the church registers has come upon an entry which goes to show that in 1615 the country experienced weather not unlike the kind we have been having this year.

It seems that there was very little rain, for it is recorded in the register at Youghreave:

There was no rain fell upon the earth from the 25th day of March until the 2nd day of May, and there was then but one shower, after which there fell none till the 18th day of June, and then there fell another shower. After that there fell none at all till the 4th day of August, after which time there was sufficient rain upon the earth.

POLITICS

The lady behind the counter of the little stationer's shop was distressed.

"Has the boy been missing you again?" she asked anxiously.

"No," said the customer.

"Is it because you don't get the paper early enough? I could have it delivered before eight if you would like to have it then."

"No," said the customer, who had cancelled his order for a well-known daily. "It is nothing whatever to do with the way you deliver it. It is the paper itself. I don't like its politics."

"There now," exclaimed the lady behind the counter, a note of triumph in her voice. "I've told my old man over and over again that newspapers would be a lot better if only they'd leave politics out."

LIVING FLOWERS

Butterflies are the flowers of the world of wings and our island has not a few very lovely ones.

The Vanessa family, which includes the Painted Lady, the Red Admiral, the Tortoiseshell, and the Peacock, are veritable blossoms.

The many garden lovers who now live on the fringe of the countryside can do much to enjoy the company of these beauties. All they have to do is to find space for such shrubs and flowering plants as are loved by butterflies for their odours. The chief of these are the buddleias, whose purple plumes are magnets for insects. In or near the country, one may often see a dozen butterflies on a single buddleia. Moreover, the shrub is hardy, grows freely, and is worth having for its own sake.

Then there are mignonette, Michaelmas daisies, cornflowers, hyacinths, and other sweet-smelling plants loved by insects. Curiously, however, the rose has no attraction for a Vanessa.

BANANAS FROM EAST AFRICA

Among the many enterprises already established in Italian East Africa a new trade in bananas is notable.

Cultivation is being organised on an enormous scale and trees planted by the million. Already 15 million banana trees are flourishing.

To encourage the trade fast steamers have been built for quick transport, and orders are being secured throughout Europe.

It is officially announced that extensive deposits of lignite (brown coal) and of iron ore have been discovered in Abyssinia.

Putting the Gasometer Underground

Gas is being made at the coal face in the Russian mines of the Donetz Basin, the Moscow coalfield, and in Siberia.

The idea is old, the treatment new, for, though the manufacture of coal gas on the spot and its transference to town and country by huge pipe-lines has often been advocated, Russia has been the first country to make the gas underground. The pit is in fact the leading gasometer from which supplies are driven upward to the surface.

In the C N the first successful experiments were reported a year ago, and a Russian engineer described them before one of our leading industrial associations. But, after the experiments had taught the Donetz experts the best way to

proceed, a plant for making coal gas underground on a commercial scale was set up in the Garlovka mine last year, and early this year was supplying gas for heating the boilers of the coke works on the surface.

Gas production in this way seems to be so practical that other plants on a wide scale are planned. In the Moscow coal basin underground gasometers are being made in the mines where the cheaper brown coal can be worked. From them pipe-lines will take the gas to light Moscow.

The new Russia seems to have something to teach old Europe in industry. The day of the gasometer in the landscape may be ending.

THE SAFETY BATH

Now that porcelain-enamelled baths are to be found in at least a tenth of our houses (a few years ago it was only a hundredth) it is high time bath makers and builders took account of the fact that the enamel is very slippery.

Every day young people and old people slip and hurt themselves on the glossy surfaces. With the young it matters not much, but the heavy and old not infrequently suffer serious injury, such as breaking a thigh. In addition to using non-slip mats, it would be a commonsense thing to provide holds or straps to prevent slipping, an inexpensive item when installing a bath.

COAL FOR A CENTURY TO COME

The first sod of a new colliery has been cut at Workington.

It is the beginning of a vast undertaking which may continue for 100 years. After much preliminary work the sinking of two shafts, each 25 feet across and 1000 feet deep, has been begun. These will one day take miners down to a rich seam five miles under the Solway Firth, estimated to contain 200 million tons of coal. It is expected that between 2500 and 3000 tons of coal will be brought to the surface every day, and that work will be found for 1500 men.

The date of the opening of the mine is a burning question at Workington.

BLACKBURN BROTHERS

The Blackburn Rugby team must be unique in football.

In it are three brothers Ashton, three brothers Southworth, three brothers Eastwood all over six feet tall, and three brothers Lees. There are also the two brothers Hoyle and the two brothers Holden, who will be available.

All these fine brothers make a good family team, for they won 15 consecutive matches in the season just ended.

THE OLD SOUTH WALL

A correspondent from Forres, Morayshire, writes about our freakish spring.

He says that one result is an abnormal crop of apricots on his south wall, a wall built centuries ago by the monks of Kinloss Abbey. From one tree he has had to thin out 400 apricots, all about the size of a filbert.

The extreme mildness of this district is said locally to be due to the presence of a portion of the Gulf Stream in the Moray Firth.

A SAD TALE OF HOUSES

The astonishing statement is made that in the 18 years since 1920 no less than 40 per cent of all mortgaged homes in America were foreclosed by the mortgagees—that is, the houses are claimed in payment of the debt on them.

The high cost of American building is one important factor. America needs three million new houses, and most of them are needed by poor people who cannot afford to pay the rent. American builders cannot fill the need at the price by ordinary methods, for both material and wages are very costly.

America discovered how to build good cheap motor-cars, but she has not discovered how to build good cheap homes.

One American authority says that an American city family with less than £500 a year ought not to attempt to buy a home, so uncertain is employment.

A GOLD MINE

All the talk in Johannesburg at the moment is of the gold which has been discovered on a farm at St Helena.

The farmer is Silas de Koch, and he woke up one morning not long ago to find himself a rich man, though his land would grow next to nothing. Already Western Holdings have paid him £20,000, and the two bores which have been made have indicated an exceptionally high percentage of gold.

CARGOES TO CHESTER

Perhaps in a year from now ships may be bringing their cargoes up the River Dee to Chester. This, at any rate, is the hope of the shipping community of that ancient city.

The Catchment Board is concerned about the surface water, which is at present blocked out of the river by silt in the sluices. To improve this the bed of the river must be lowered about five feet, which will bring back the depth of fifty years ago.

The Government is considering a subsidy for this work, for what will be good for drainage will be as good for the ships, and already there are inquiries from abroad about cargoes for Chester.

NEWS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF WORK

British law compels employers to compensate the dependents of workers killed in their service and to compensate any worker disabled.

We now have the astonishing facts for 1936, when there were 2286 fatal cases and the compensation awarded was £661,000, an average of £289.

The cases of injury or industrial disease were no less than 459,271, and the compensation paid was £5,786,000, an average of £12 12s.

THE CHURCH CRÈCHE

Mothers with young children may now attend evening service at the Wicker Holy Trinity Church in Sheffield.

In the past many mothers have failed to go to church because they were unable to leave their babies at home, and dare not take them into church for fear of disturbing the service. Holy Trinity has found a way out of this difficulty, providing a crèche in the Sunday School, so that mothers are now able to leave their babies.

THE BLIND ORGANIST

Mr J. W. Scorch is to retire from his post as organist at Aldford Church, near Chester. Blind from birth, he has been playing the organ every Sunday for 59 years.

ENTERPRISE

The other day an enterprising individual confessed that, seeing a tall chimney stack, 100 feet high, standing in a disused brickfield, he demolished it and sold the bricks for £30.

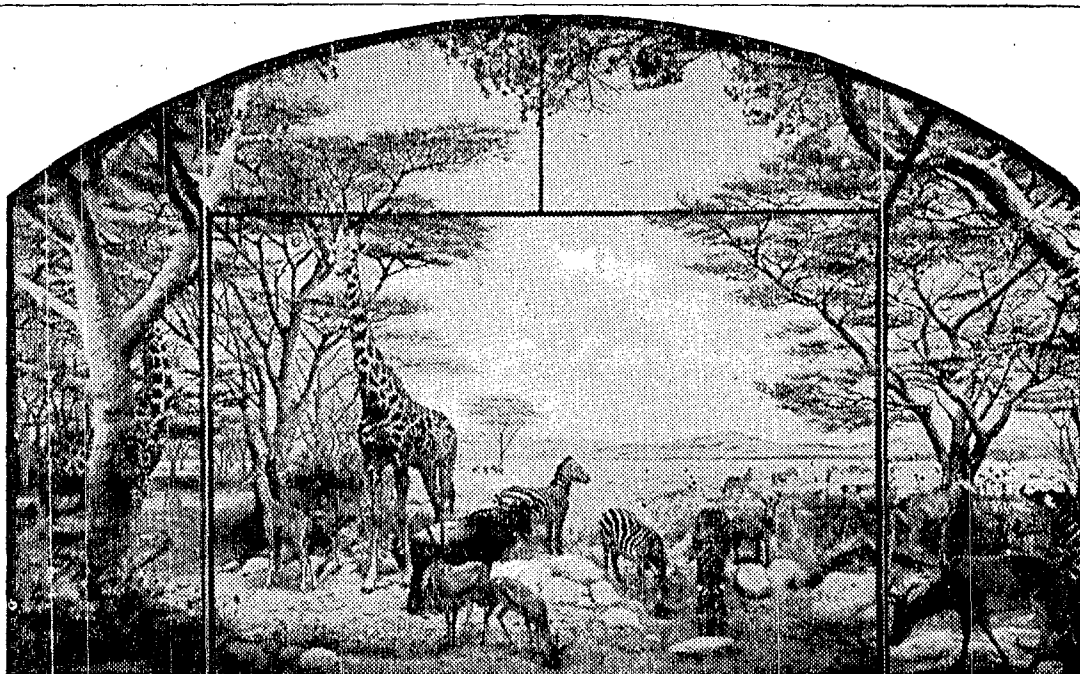
Which reminds us of another true story. One day some workmen arrived at an empty house, pulled it to pieces, carted away the materials, and sold them for what they would fetch.

In each of these cases imprisonment was the reward of lively but ill-directed enterprise.

Nothing is more surprising in the annals of crime than the industry and hard work the misdirected mind puts into work that pays so much less than honest endeavour.

Africa in California

This realistic scene showing a group of animals gathered at a water-hole in the African wilds is one of several in the African Hall of the Californian Academy of Sciences at San Francisco. All the animals are stuffed specimens and the great scene is 54 feet long, 33 feet high, and 24 feet from front to back. It occupies the whole of one end of the hall.



CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 11

1938

Old King Coal

ON the very day the Government Bill to nationalise British coal came before the House of Lords the news was fresh of another great colliery disaster which reduced an entire village to mourning.

The peers joined in expressing their deep sympathy with the victims and their families before passing on to discuss the Coal Bill.

All of us are glad to see that the Derby disaster is causing much money to flow to relief funds, and this raises a point of much importance. Every day miners are killed, the average being about 20 a week. Most of them die, not in big disasters, but in smaller accidents in shafts and workings. In every case, of course, legal compensation is paid, but when a miner is killed in a big disaster relief funds greatly supplement the assistance received by the bereaved. The suggestion has been made, therefore, that some part of such special relief funds should go to a general fund out of which grants could be made in those ordinary cases which are every bit as serious to a widow as if her husband had perished with 50 of his comrades. It is a matter worth consideration.

The buying up of the nation's coal measures by the Government is one more instance of slowness in legislation. The famous Sankey Coal Commission of 1919, set up by special Act of Parliament, *unanimously* recommended the Government to nationalise coal. The Thirteen Commissioners differed about many things, but all of them, whether colliery proprietors, men's representatives, business men, or economists, were agreed about the coal itself. Nevertheless, *it has taken all but twenty years to bring about so greatly needed a reform.*

When the Bill becomes law this year, as doubtless it will, a single authority will be able to deal with the nation's coal on commonsense lines that have been impossible with thousands of different owners.

The Bill also does much (if not enough) to help the unification of coal-mining and to aid collective action in this all-important sphere. How remarkable it is that not until coal has been dethroned at sea do we take measures that were overdue a generation since!

A Prayer

The night has come. Lord, I have left
So many things undone;
I pray Thee, pardon me for all
I have not yet begun.

So little done—I kneel with shame,
I kneel in sorrow, too.
But, Lord, I cannot tell Thee half
The things I meant to do! H. L. G.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Straight-Bat Habit

HABIT is more than second nature, said Wellington; it is "ten times nature."

So true is this that when a habit is formed it leads to instinctive action, right or wrong. It is all-important to acquire the right habits, or (if you will) the right prejudices.

Often we read of a man "succumbing to sudden temptation." A thief will excuse himself by saying he stole money upon impulse and opportunity. Such an excuse can never be necessary for one who has a proper prejudice against theft.

Our senses, which can learn by discipline to use a cricket bat so well that a "sudden temptation" to use it foolishly is no temptation at all, can aid us, by similar discipline, to apply a straight bat to all the problems of life.

The Battle of the Grain

THE success of Italy in increasing the wheat yield, so that in an ordinary year she has no longer to import corn, is only in part due to a greater wheat area. The area of Italy is small, and most of it is not fertile, so that there are limits to what can be done by irrigation and drainage.

Great success has been secured in improving the yield of wheat. In 15 years the average wheat yield of Italy has risen from 15 to 24 bushels an acre. In one operation near Rome a new strain of wheat has yielded 130 bushels an acre of a wheat with a strong straw that resists the keen winds and has strong resistance to disease.

The Battle of the Grain, as it is called in Italy, has to be fought not once but every year, and prizes are given to farmers for it.

What Amazed Napoleon

Do you know what amazes me more than anything else? The impotence of force to organise anything. There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the spirit. In the long run the sword will always be conquered by the spirit.

Napoleon

Bracken v. Grass

BRACKEN has so gained on grass in the last forty years that barely half as many sheep can now be maintained on British upland grazing as was possible in 1900.

The Ministry of Agriculture gives assistance in the fight with bracken, which can be won successfully by cutting the plants twice a year. All those interested should send to the Ministry for leaflets on the subject.

Pulling Down Slums and Putting Them Up

OUR old slums, now being demolished, are usually the remains of old buildings. What is to happen to the new houses built since the war, often of poor materials? Some people fear they will be the slums of the future.

Sir William Rothenstein denounces much of the new building. He says that many of the houses will not last 100 years, because they are not built with the conscience and decency which went into building a century ago, and he calls this a disgrace to our age.

It is impossible not to agree. "Ripe for building development" on the advertising board too often means ripe for the making of trouble.

We fear we are seeing two spectacles in our time—the pulling down of old slums and the putting up of new ones.

THE BROADCASTER

STEEL traps for catching hawks have been prohibited in the Isle of Man.

A FIELD has been set apart at Havant for the horses of poor owners to rest in.

THE first stage of Surrey's new cathedral at Guildford has been completed.

ALL but three per cent of the unemployed men at training centres last year found work.

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps you have never thought what a wonderful difference it would make to the world if everybody thought of Peace instead of War every morning. Try it.

Under the Editor's Table

THERE are two million cats in London, all told, says a writer. Wonder what they have been told.

A GIANT rhododendron was exhibited at a flower show. A big attraction.

THE whole world raises its hat to the British taxpayer. But leaves him to raise the money.

HOLIDAYS are in the air. Most people prefer them on the seashore.

MR LLOYD GEORGE, by turning a wheel, can give his land an artificial shower. A come-down for a Prime Minister.

A MEMBER of the House of Lords spoke for an hour and a half on the Coal Bill. Nobody could say he was getting slack.

THE man who lives within his means usually lives without worry. Unless he worries about his means.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



Why good cream should be whipped

When I Am Old

WHEN I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of
mirth;

The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness not by right their own;
And spring's sweet power in vain
unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded
hair;

Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me naught—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be
Old and infirm and bowed,
like me;

Or else—their bodies neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God—
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old, I'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried
friend,

Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our
youth;

Twill be so sad to have them cold,
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old—perhaps ere then
I shall be missed from haunts of
men;

Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old?—that time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and
free;

Life hath a thousand charms for me;
Charms that will long their influence
hold
Within my heart—ere I am old.

Ere I am old, O let me give
My life to learning *how to live!*

Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

Caroline A. Briggs

Proud Boast

By The Pilgrim

WE came the other day upon a
prolific writer.

"You write for the newspapers?"
we asked. "Hardly that," said he
smiling; "for a few journals." He
had been writing for over thirty
years, he told us.

"And yet you are hardly known?
Your name is not a household word?"
That was so, said he.

"Isn't that rather odd?" we
asked, knowing him to be a rare spirit
with a fine brain and a wealth of
scholarship.

"Well, perhaps it is," he replied,
and then he added: "I cannot say
I have become famous. I do not
think I wanted to become popular.
But at least I have never written
anything of which I am ashamed."

And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine
With truth and peace and love shall
ever shine.
Milton

June 11, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

7

BRAVE YOUNG WORLD

The Telegraph Boy of Toronto

"Deliver these for me, if you please," were the quietly spoken words of a telegraph messenger boy of Toronto as he pulled three envelopes from his pocket and handed them to a man leaning over him.

This nineteen-year-old messenger, Robert Thomson, had just been dragged from under a street car which had knocked him off his bicycle and crushed his legs. For five minutes he had lain in agony waiting for the ambulance and appliances to free him from the car, but all this time, which must have seemed hours to him, he remained conscious and calm, thinking of the duty which had so suddenly been interrupted.

When Thomson was assured that his telegrams would be safely delivered his face wore an expression of relief, but it became troubled again when the ambulance men gently raised him on their stretcher.

"I guess I'll have to go to hospital, eh?" he murmured, adding anxiously: "It is too bad, because I haven't any money and I don't know how I am going to pay."

Hopeful to the Last

Not a word about the pain; all he thought of was his little bunch of telegrams and the expense his accident would bring to others. It was only that week that his father had been discharged from the very hospital to which he was to be taken.

In spite of his loss of blood, and the torture he was enduring, Thomson was still conscious when he reached the emergency ward. A blood transfusion was quickly made, and he calmly took the anaesthetic a few minutes later. Only then did he realise that he would have to spend the remainder of his life without being able to walk, but he spoke quite hopefully about it.

As things went on there was a hope that he might recover, but the shock had been too great, and at last the brave boy passed on to realms where heroes are, having done the duty of a boy with the fortitude of a man to the last.

Cows That Yield More Milk

The astonishing weather of this year has made it necessary to increase the price of milk.

This has necessarily to be borne patiently, with the reflection that, if dear milk is bad for the consumer, the cause is even worse for the dairy farmer.

It is appropriate, in the circumstances, to observe that more may be done, at least in normal years, to breed cows that yield plenty of good milk.

An American expert, Mr Parmelee Prentice, has bred a new strain which he calls American Dairy Cattle, and his cows yield an average of milk five times as high as the average of his district. This expert urges that cows are too often praised and awarded prizes at shows for exhibiting handsome show points, but you cannot, he says, tell whether a cow yields plenty of milk merely by admiring her beauty. It seems that inheritance is what matters most.

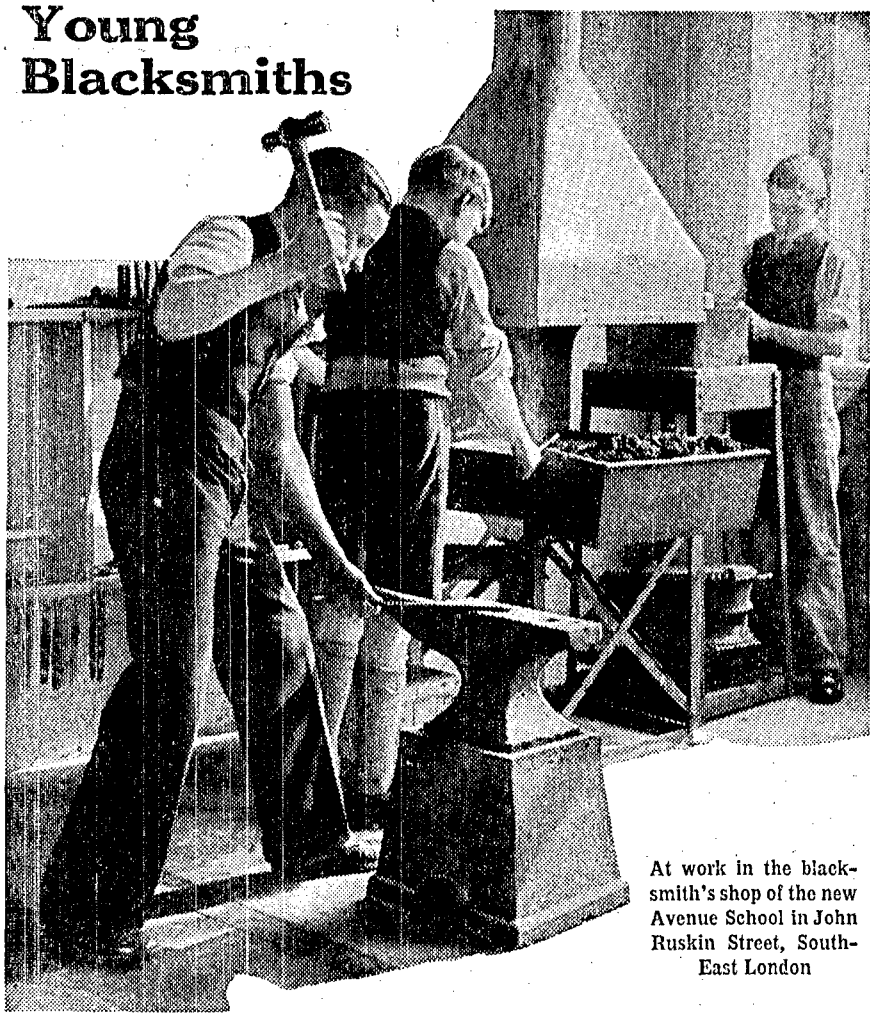
Mr Prentice has been decorated by his own country and also by Italy.

Little Australians

We hear that Melbourne's Railway Nursery continues to flourish.

After four years the officials are able to say proudly that they have cared for 55,000 little Australians. For a shilling mothers may leave their babies for three hours, knowing they will be well looked after.

Young Blacksmiths



At work in the blacksmith's shop of the new Avenue School in John Ruskin Street, South-East London

A Headmaster's Back-to-the-Land Scheme

BETWEEN the Lincolnshire Wolds and the sea is Alford, a country town in a neighbourhood where for a thousand years the people have loved the land.

It was hereabouts that the Danes settled before the Conqueror's day, and ever since there have been generations of men who have ploughed straight and true, raised crops, and left rich acres to those who came after.

There has of late years been a gradual drifting from the land. Sons of fathers who had all along farmed their fields began to look to other ways of making a living, and engineering and commerce claimed many, while the girls began to leave the kitchen and dairy for office and shop.

It is as a challenge to this movement that Mr Alec Moore, headmaster of Alford's Senior School, has worked out an educational system designed to train boys and girls to love the land and to remain faithful to it. So successful has this scheme proved that agricultural experts from various parts of our own country and from Sweden, America, and

Czecho-Slovakia have visited the school to learn about the methods employed by this enthusiastic teacher.

The boys and girls receive a first-class general education on broad lines, but there is always a stress on agricultural and domestic interests. Every day the girls prepare dinner, which is served at twopence a head, the boys ordering the food and keeping the accounts. In science lessons the boys are taught to analyse soils, the principles of farming, the way to pump water from the hidden springs of the Wolds, and the methods by which produce may be marketed. Out of doors they are bee-keepers and gardeners, and both boys and girls have opportunity for much practical work.

The results of all this are encouraging. The drift from the land has been retarded. Boys leave school to go on the land as labourers or farmers, or take up trades associated with the land, such as tanning and smithwork. The girls help in the homes, with the idea of becoming the wives of farmers or men engaged in farm work.

An Old Wrong to Be Righted

JUST before the Great War broke out, in the year 1914, a member of Parliament introduced into the House of Commons a Bill to provide pensions for Widows and Orphans and Unmarried Women.

The war stopped discussion of such reforms, but after the war pensions for widows became part of the law of the land. Something was done at last to abolish the saddening spectacle of widows with children forced to neglect their little ones while they earned their bread.

This left the case of the unmarried woman untouched. The private members Bill of 1914 sought to grant pensions to those of 60 and over who had no means or very small incomes.

The number of women who become wage-earners has rapidly increased in recent years. At the same time the number of unmarried women has also

increased, and there are now many millions of them in our country.

While a woman is young it is easy for her to find a situation, whether in office or shop or warehouse or factory. As the years pass the working woman finds it increasingly difficult to obtain employment. When she reaches 40 she has often to accept lower pay, and at 50 is too often neglected altogether. The young take the place of the old. At 60 the proportion grows of working women who find themselves without means, or dependent on scanty savings or on the charity of relatives. It is serious enough for men to seek employment at 60; for women it is almost impossible.

The Government has set up a Committee to study the question, and we confidently hope it will recommend such an alteration in the law as will remove the reproach that the nation neglects a case of peculiar hardship.

DESCENDANTS OF THE SLAVES

Bad News From the West Indies

DRIFT AND DECAY IN JAMAICA

Our British pride in the administration of the colonies has had one or two severe shocks lately.

One of these was at Trinidad, where an official report drew attention to conditions of life and labour which were unpleasant to read. Now the beautiful island of Jamaica, one of the oldest of our possessions overseas, has been the scene of rioting and bloodshed.

All is not well with a colony in which such scenes can occur after nearly three centuries of rule, for Jamaica became British in the days of Cromwell and has never known another flag. In its early days the island was hardly a credit to this land of freedom, for it was the centre of the slave trade; but a hundred years ago the slaves were freed and there was a great opportunity to build up a happy and prosperous community.

Lazy Habits

Neither white man nor black, however, seems to have realised the possibilities of happiness in a land so richly dowered by Nature. Lazy habits and lack of ambition have been characteristic of the Negroes, while the whites have regarded the country from a selfish point of view.

It is true, of course, that the natural industry of Jamaica, sugar from the cane, went down before the beet sugar industry last century, and that the new banana industry has never entirely taken its place. Yet very little has been done to make the island self-sufficient in food and housing since the far-off days of emancipation.

The standard of life is extremely low, and the housing of the poorest, both in the country and the town, is far worse than that enjoyed by cattle in this land.

What Lord Milner Said

Lord Milner understood something about colonial administration, and it is nearly 20 years since he declared that the conditions in many parts of our Empire were discreditable alike to our generosity and our intelligence, and, later, he asked: "Who can contemplate without some feeling of shame the economic decay of the British West Indies, the oldest overseas possessions of the British Crown?"

Lord Milner was speaking in the prosperous days of free trade; but we have Protection now, the Protection we were told would assist our colonies.

It is probable that neglect has gone on too long for any immediate generosity to bear fruit in the West Indies, but for the sake of our good name it is high time that we should assume a proper responsibility for the descendants of the slaves we took to work for us in past days, and prevent them from descending into a state of rioting and lawlessness little better than slavery.

The Home of Their Fathers

A New Zealander who happened to have eight steel engravings depicting scenes in the Devonshire town of Plymouth in the middle of last century has presented the pictures to the New Zealand Plymouth, a beautiful town.

New Plymouth was founded by Devon and Cornish men in 1841, and the main street of the town is called Devon Street. There are over 20,000 inhabitants, and the town is in a rich farming district.

It is proposed to hang these eight pictures of old Plymouth in a public building where the citizens of New Plymouth can view them and imagine something of the town from which their forefathers came.

PAUL VERONESE

Last of the Four Great Venetian Painters

ON a spring day 350 years ago Paul Veronese, the last of the four great Venetian painters of the 16th century, passed from the sunshine of Venice into the serene glow of immortality.

His three companions were Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto, one of whom died young, another, the mighty Titian, lived to be nearly a hundred, and Tintoretto, like Veronese himself, was painting still when an old man nearing seventy years. To all these, while they lived, their art was the supreme thing in their lives; and it is characteristic of their preoccupation with it that hardly any stories are told of the way they passed their days at any time except when they were painting. In the life of genius such as theirs nothing happens except their masterpieces.

The actual name of Veronese was Paolo Caliari, who was born at Verona, and so acquired a nickname, just as Jacopo Robusti, the dyer's son who threatened Titian with rivalry, became Tintoretto—the little dyer. No such hard beginnings as those which were the lot of Tintoretto were the portion of Paul of Verona, where his father was a sculptor with a profession for his son ready made.

But young Paul preferred to paint, even if his work appeared only as frescoes on the walls of churches or the villas of wealthy noblemen. There was a constant demand for such decorations at that time, and it ruined the work of many promising artists, because the frescoes perished with the villas.

Wonderful Ceiling Paintings

Painters have to live, like other folk, and did frescoes for Venetian worthies rather than be unemployed. Fortunately for Venetian art the churches and ecclesiastical authorities, as well as the Doges, came to the rescue, and Paul Veronese was early to benefit by their patronage. When he was 27, and already of note in Verona, he was called to Venice to paint the ceiling of the church of San Sebastiano with gorgeous scenes from the story of Esther. His other painting here made the church one of the finest art galleries in Venice.

Paul's new surroundings in Venice, by bringing him into companionship with the great masters who were then the admiration and envy of the world, were just what was needed to spur him on to the higher development of his talents and his style. His colour became warmer and more harmonious, his forms fuller of life and movement. He caught the eye of the patriarch Titian, who

selected him after he had been six years in Venice as one who with others might be entrusted with the decoration of the library built by Sansovino.

His powers were swiftly recognised. The next year he painted for the refectory of the convent of San Giorgio Maggiore the picture of the Wedding Feast at Cana, now in the Louvre.

There are stories belonging to this picture, which, next to Tintoretto's Paradise, is the largest oil painting in existence. He began it in the June of one year and finished it in the September of the next, and it is one of the most remarkable monuments of human activity and skill. There are more than 80 people in the picture, most of them portraits of the highest value.

Many Famous People

In it the bride is Eleanor of Austria, into whose ear Francis the First is whispering. At the same table are the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Queen Mary of England, and the burly figure of the Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, with his jewelled dagger and his dwarf. Less eminent in their own time but as interesting to us now are the three musicians to the feast, in whom we may recognise portraits of Titian, with a bass viol, Tintoretto with a viola, and Veronese himself with a cornet.

The Wedding Feast remained in the refectory of San Giorgio till Napoleon Bonaparte came to break the relics of the Venetian Republic to pieces and pick up treasures from the ruin. He had this picture taken to Paris with other loot, for the selection of which he had brought advisers. When in 1814 the works of art he had stolen were restored to their owners the Austrian Government agreed, on account of the size and difficulty of transporting the masterpiece, to exchange it for Lebrun's Supper at the Pharisee's House, which now hangs in the Venetian Academy as witness of the worst bargain of the 19th century.

Paul Veronese loved painting feasts and sumptuous occasions. His colour and pictorial magnificence were suited to them; and in them is always a joyousness of spirit which reflects his own. But in him dwelt poetry as well; and his drawing and his modelling are without flaw. All these qualities would not have made him the great artist he was if it were not for the true piety and feeling which appear in his paintings of Our Lord. If any should wish to see him at his decorative best they should visit our National Gallery. But Venice remains his spiritual home.

The Wireless Man on the Elephant

WE are accustomed to speak of the unchanging East, but the East does change.

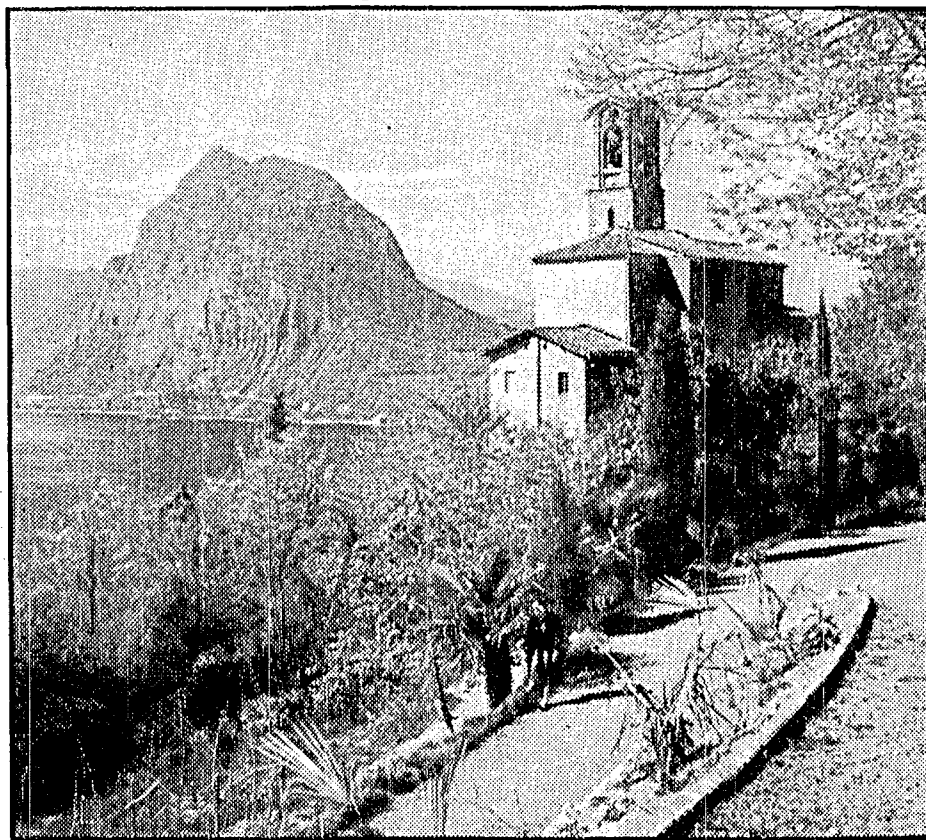
A proof of this was found at Hardwar, a town by the River Ganges, when the famous Pilgrim Fair was held there a little while ago. The fair, held once every 12 years, never fails to attract vast numbers of people.

At one point the flow was regulated by a policeman sitting on an elephant. He looked comfortable enough in the pleasant shade of the howdah, but many of

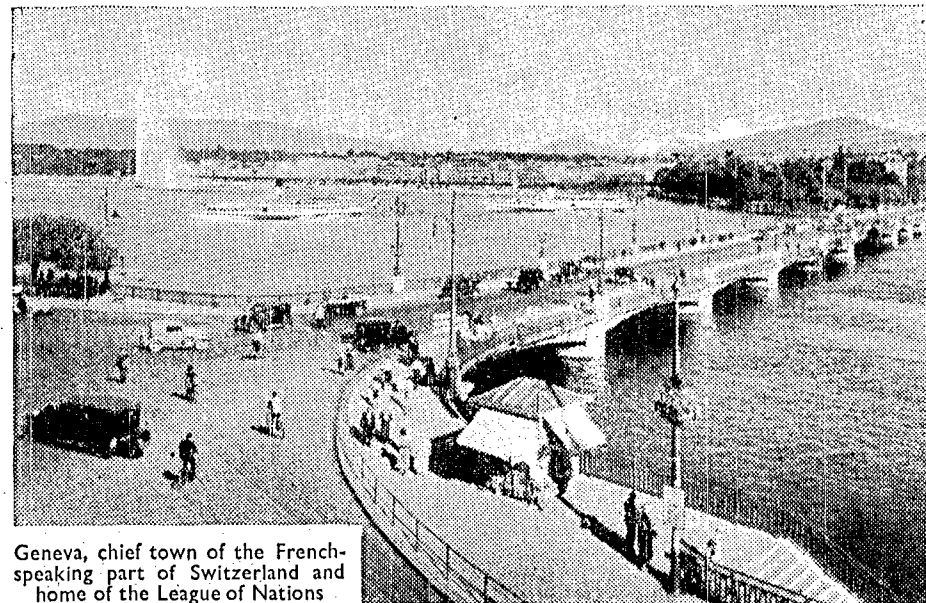
those who looked up at him must have wondered why he had a short rod projecting above the roof. This was the aerial of his portable wireless; and it was by means of radio that he was able to keep in touch with police headquarters, and to control the traffic in accordance with information sent to him.

Here, then, was a meeting of East and West, the ancient fair with its pilgrims, the elephant which has so long been a familiar sight in India, and the wireless, the gift of the wise men from the West.

Europe's Little United



Looking across Lake Lugano to Monte San Salvatore, near the Italian frontier



Geneva, chief town of the French-speaking part of Switzerland and home of the League of Nations

These two photographs



States—Switzerland the Citizen of the World

The CN suggested the other day that the Czecho-Slovak problem should be solved by transforming the country into a neutral State on the Swiss model. Here we look at Switzerland as it was in the past and as it is today, a unique little Republic in the heart of troubled Europe.

SWITZERLAND is a small-scale United States, the only one in Europe.

With a population only about half that of Greater London it has 25 cantons each a State in little to itself. In them Germans, French, Italians, and the Romansch-speaking Swiss dwell in complete friendliness side by side. They discuss their domestic politics in their cantons, where the local government of the people by the people is watertight, and they refer matters affecting Switzerland as a whole to their elected Federal Assembly, a sort of House of Commons and House of Lords in one.

If there is any question on which the decisions of the Federal Assembly do not receive the approval of any influential number of the cantons then a referendum of the whole of the Swiss people can be called for. The voice of the people then answers Yes or No to the Federal Assembly. These methods of self-government, reinforced by the discussions in the cantons of more than 3,000 local

councils, make every Swiss, whether he speaks German, French, Italian, or any other language, a politician and a critic on the hearth.

It has worked so well and continues to work so well that though Switzerland is surrounded by Germany (and till lately by Austria), the tiny principality of Liechtenstein, Italy, and France, the Swiss never hold out a hand to any of them for interference in their affairs.

Nearly three million are German-speaking and are in the majority in 19 out of the 25 cantons; the French speakers come next with majorities in five cantons. They number 840,000 and the Italians 250,000. There are many foreigners of other nationalities, but so far as anyone can make out, whatever their spoken language, they are Swiss in thought, spirit, and determination to work out their own future within the barriers of their own Alpine heights. How well content they are with their life and liberty is shown by their reluctance to exchange it with the conditions any other land has to offer. The number of emigrants from Switzerland falls every year. In the last few years they have only just topped 1000 a year.

Six Centuries of Struggle

Their liberty was won and consolidated by a struggle over more than six centuries. In the beginning it was the shaking off of dependence on the Austrian Hapsburgs. Bits of Germany, Italy, and Burgundy drew together for defence against a common foe; and to this period belongs the tale of William Tell. Following this was Swiss opposition to the encircling grasp of the Holy Roman Empire, which, as someone has said, was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire, but which at one time had Spain, Austria, part of Italy, and the Netherlands in its grasp.

Freedom was at last won, Switzerland as a confederation becoming first a group of allies, and at last standing as one till French influence intervened. Napoleon interrupted the even flow of its progress; but at last Switzerland, its position agreed upon by all the European nations concerned, became acknowledged as the country and the people owing allegiance to none. This was in the middle of the 19th century.

A Focus of Peace

Since then it has been a No Man's Land in Europe, where none may intrude. At the same time it is the meeting-place to which all may come by invitation, and its city of Geneva has become a focus of peace. By the Lake of Geneva Rousseau and Voltaire and the historian Gibbon have dwelt and worked, as well as many another who might be named a Citizen of the World. That title belongs to Switzerland itself. The little country is a Citizen of the World in its outlook, its independence, and its impartiality.

It might be wondered why a country so pleasant and so romantically beautiful should, after its long struggle for freedom, have remained immune



A smiling girl of the mountains in a German-speaking area



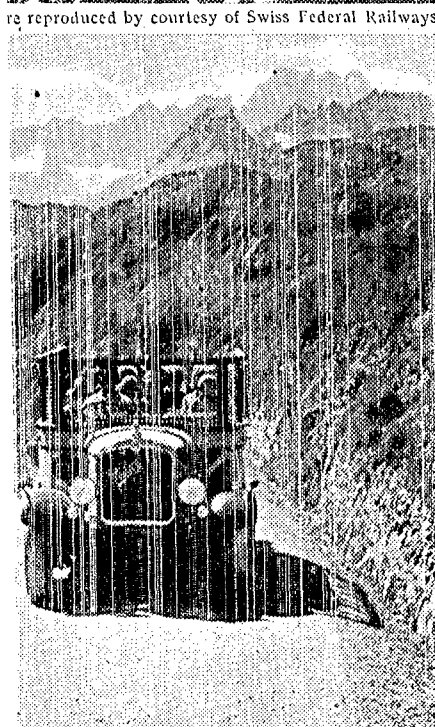
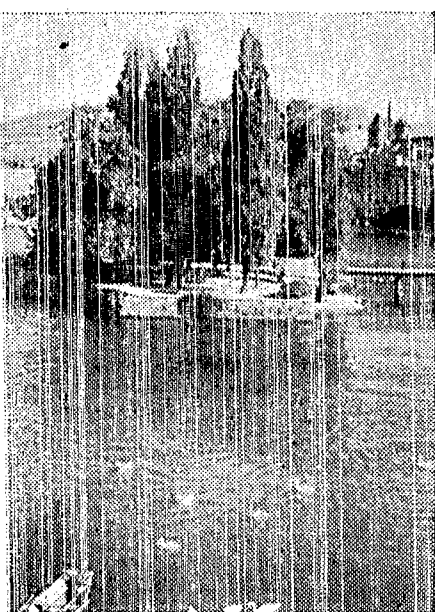
The majestic peak of the Matterhorn towering above the little town of Zermatt

from the greedy possessiveness of powerful neighbours. The reason is two-fold. Each of its neighbours prefers to keep it as a barrier between itself and its possible enemies; and none thinks it worth the risk of a conquest which would certainly be fiercely disputed by the next neighbour and by the united Swiss people themselves. The secondary reason for leaving Switzerland alone is that her chief possession is her own untiring industry.

She has neither gold nor much other metallic wealth, nor coal, nor oil. She has her pastures and her tilled lands, and a fifth of her people are employed on them. She has

forests, and she has mountains which everyone wants to see but none desire to hold. But with her bees and her cows Switzerland can boast of a wealth well applied to education and industry. She has waterfalls, and utilises them to provide power for her railways and her factories, of which there are nearly 10,000 employing half a million people.

Happy country which envies none, which quarrels with none, and which sets an example to Europe of what can be done without war or threat of war. Switzerland would be the last to regard herself as a Utopia, but in this warlike Europe she appears very like an advance guard of civilisation.



Crossing the Grimsel and Furka passes in the heart of the Swiss Alps, one of the most awe-inspiring rides in the world

A BRITISH DISCOVERY

Stainless Silver Plate

A recent British discovery has made it possible to silver-plate objects so that they do not need cleaning or polishing.

The idea is not unlike that which gave us stainless steel, but whereas chromium is added to the steel melting-pot it is soap which is added to the electro-plating solution. The effect of adding soap, and another ingredient such as carbon bisulphide, to the bath in which the objects to be electro-plated are suspended is to make the silver to be deposited in the form of the tiniest imaginable crystals, which have a very fine grained and hard structure.

The advantage of a plated silver which does not want cleaning and polishing is that with the best plate polishes one cannot avoid rubbing off some of the silver in the operation, so that after a number of years the silver must inevitably be rubbed away. Silver-plated articles become yellow or brown, and require polishing, simply because the sulphur in the air has combined with the silver metal and converted it into silver sulphide; so that in removing the discoloured silver sulphide some of the actual silver must be lost.

The new soap discovery is a very important one, and the process has already been taken up by the world's most important fine metal concern.

An Invitation to France

It was a lovely idea that Annie and Richard had.

They are French children, Annie being ten, Richard 13. One day not long ago they set to work to write a letter in their home in Paris, and without a word to anyone they sent it to a Paris newspaper. This is what they said:

We would like to see the two little English princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. When their mother and father, the King and Queen of England, come to see us in France, could they not fetch them over with them?

They would find France beautiful, and we would be ever so happy to see them here if it would not make them too tired.

Annie and Richard Valabregne

Since this letter appeared hundreds of other French children have been writing to say how much they hope Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose will soon visit France. All their letters and postcards have been sent to the British Ambassador in Paris in the hope that the King and Queen will agree to take the Princesses with them.

Jubilee's Mother

There will be great fun for little visitors to the Children's Zoo this summer, with the baby elephant, the baby chimps, lion cubs, pigs, Shetland ponies, penguins, tame mice, and so on.

Jubilee is sure to be a prime favourite, for she was the first chimpanzee ever born at the Zoo.

Children, when playing with her, may like to remember that Booboo, Jubilee's mother, was the household pet of a London lady who had made her home in Africa. When the ape grew too big for domestic discipline her mistress shipped her to the Zoo, and, following later, went to the Zoo to see her old favourite, who had by that time become the mother of Jubilee.

In an instant the great ape remembered her, and, picking up Jubilee, scuffled with her in her arms to the front of the cage to show her to her former mistress, while, with a succession of grunts and murmurings, she seemed to want to tell her all the wonderful story of this peerless infant.

Edward Lear and His Nonsense Rhymes

EVERYONE knows the nonsense verses of Edward Lear, but few of us can have known what he was like himself, till we read the biography written by Mr Angus Davidson and published by John Murray.

What kind of man was he who wrote the greatest of limericks and illustrated them, so that no one can ever think of the words without the pictures?

*There was an old man of Thermopylae
Who never did anything properly:
But they said, If you choose to boil eggs in
your shoes,
You shall never remain in Thermopylae.*

We do not forget this poor man, or the other

*Old person of Shoreham
Whose habits were marked by decorum.*

And who therefore got on well with the people—not at all unpopular, like the odd person of Thermopylae.

And who was it who wrote about the Jumbies who went to sea in a sieve? Or about the Owl and the Pussy-cat? Or that most mournful poem which begins

*Oh, my aged Uncle Arly
Seated on a heap of barley
Through the silent hours of night?*

If we had not learned the answer from Mr Davidson we might guess a score of times and never get near the answer. He himself wrote lines which begin:

*How pleasant to know Mr Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff:
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.*

*His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more or less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.*

*He has ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers,
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs;
Long ago he was one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.*

This Edward Lear was a well-known landscape-painter in the days of Queen Victoria; he was the intimate friend of many of the great men of his time; his years were 1812 to 1888; he travelled far and near; he wrote letters beyond number, for he was a very loyal friend. He had no children of his own, but he

loved the children of his friends, and he drew for them and wrote nonsense for them. And, curiously enough, it is by these things he will always be remembered. There were many other painters of landscapes, but no one who could write delightful nonsense such as he could write.

His father, who had been a wealthy man, lost all his money when Edward was a little boy. His elder sister, Ann, became like a mother to him, and to the hour of her death he wrote long and loving letters to her. She was his teacher, for he never went to school; he followed his own lines, and especially loved natural history and drawing. The first piece of serious work he was given to do was at Knowsley, the home of Lord Derby. He was always shy, but people soon made friends with him. Short-sighted, tall but stooping, with a large and shapeless nose, he always thought himself "more or less hideous."

Lord Derby engaged this odd youth of 20 years to draw his collection of animals and birds. And in that large household he soon became a favourite with Lord Derby's grandsons. They always wanted to get away to "the young fellow in the steward's room, who is drawing birds." With the children he was always welcome, and in those years he began to write nonsense. It is made clear in this book that he was not the first man to write a limerick. A friend told him of one and Lear at once saw what a good form of verse this is for nonsense. So in Knowsley he began his famous verses; and there he made friends whom he never lost. He was the friend of four Earls of Derby.

Lear was often disappointed and sad; he thought that there would be nothing to win him fame in his pictures; but before the end of his life he came to see that he had expressed himself best of all in these wild rhymes.

Edward Lear was not at all like the man we might have pictured, but it is pleasant to know him. His earliest book opened with the famous rhymes which show him as he loved to be:

*There was an old Derry down Derry,
Who loved to see little folks merry,
So he made them a Book,
And with laughter they shook
At the fun of that Derry down Derry.*

Escape of White Rabbit

TWO friends of the C N feel competent to continue the history of the White Rabbit, whom we reluctantly leave at the end of the trial scene in Alice's Wonderland, with the king and queen confused and angry on the throne, and the fate of the Knave of Hearts still undecided.

Walking in the quiet of their heavily wooded old garden the other evening, our C N friends started with astonishment as, beyond the trees and shrubbery, they saw an actual white rabbit as busy, and apparently as purposeful, as the one that ordered Alice about.

They had never kept rabbits; no rabbits had ever been known to visit that rambling garden, yet here, as though sprung from the pages of the immortal book, was just such another as the White Rabbit of the story.

It was digging with frantic energy in the soil of the kitchen garden as if intent on making a shaft as big as that which Alice went down. "Now, boys, make the dirt fly!" said Theodore Roosevelt when he set his army of workmen to dig the Panama Canal, and here was a white rabbit also hard at work making the dirt fly.

The astonishment occasioned by its presence was less than that aroused

by its methods. With extraordinary rapidity it was sinking itself in the earth. Out flew the soil below its body and between its hind legs until a heap was collected behind it. Periodically it turned about and, using its fore-paws as cunningly as if they were hands, it smoothed away the heap, spreading it neatly and evenly over the ground, first to the right and then to the left, so that no upstanding cairn of newly-turned earth should remain to betray its presence to an enemy.

Unwilling to frighten it, our friends crept silently away and left it to its task. Later the rabbit was reclaimed. It seems that the open door of its hutch had permitted it to escape from a distant house; it had made its way to a place which, with its trees, its shrubs, its fruit bushes, and the vegetables growing all about, suggested the ideal warren, with food on the very doorstep.

When captured and taken home it had already sunk a shaft 18 inches deep, but the surface of the ground all about the hole had been smoothed and levelled as by the art of a gardener. Instinct, dormant perhaps for centuries in the white rabbit's family, had blazed up with unimpaired efficiency in this brief hour of freedom.

500 TOWNS BEHIND THE TIMES

Too Much Cruelty For Our Food

Many of us have the fun of growing and cutting the vegetables we eat, like the small boy reaping his harvest of mustard and cress for nursery tea, or the gentleman photographed at the local show, as puffed up with pride as his prize marrow.

But how many of us would eat meat if we had to kill the animals ourselves? Surely very few.

Yet animals are being slaughtered for us daily, so, as we were saying the other day in the C N, the least we can do is to make sure that the poor creatures die as painlessly as possible.

That is what the Council of Justice to Animals has made its aim, that and the betterment of general marketing conditions.

How We Can Help

Its recently issued report tells of a progress which could be hastened if only the rest of us would do our bit. Housewives could demand humanely slaughtered meat from their butchers, voters could ask their M.P.s to help forward the Bills the Council is hoping will be made law, and ratepayers could find out whether their local councils had yet passed the byelaw giving to sheep and lambs the kinder death that the 1933 Animals Act gives to cattle.

Others may prefer to send money to the Council to do this propaganda work for them. Already something over 1000 local authorities out of 1500 have passed the byelaw. Why the others have not will usually be found to be because the only voices raised in the matter are those of the meat traders and slaughtermen themselves, diehards in the face of reform, though in this case diehard better describes the poor animals in their power. These men still believe, or pretend to believe, the ridiculous notion that the stunning of animals with the humane slaughterer harms the meat, in spite of the fact that Scotland made this method compulsory for sheep as well as cattle as far back as 1929, and Scotch mutton still fetches top price.

The Real Reason

The obstinate meat traders then pretend that the apparatus is dangerous, though a man would have to be almost suicidal to hurt himself with a blank cartridge and a captive bolt.

The real reason for opposition is that a halfpenny for the cartridge is added to the cost of each carcass; but surely we cannot allow the humane way to be blocked by halfpence.

The men in slaughter houses are not naturally cruel, but daily horrors make them casual and thoughtless. The same may be said of the men in our markets who lift pigs by their ears and tails, pull calves on and off carts by a rope round the jaw, crowd animals together without stretching-room or water, and throw fowls with tied legs about like parcels. The people who would be horrified by such cruelty do not go to cattle markets, but we assure them that these things happen daily.

The Council of Justice to Animals has prepared films showing the bad old methods contrasted with the new ways of bringing relief to the poor creatures killed for us, and anyone who would like leaflets or more information should write to the Council at 42 Old Bond Street, London.

TO EVERYONE

Stop, look, and listen before you cross the street;

Use your eyes, use your ears, and then use your feet;

And Cross by the Safeway

June 11, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

11

WORLD CHANGE

High Lights on East and West

PEACE AND JUSTICE

The International Labour Organisation, through its retiring director, Mr H. B. Butler, surveying the world as a whole, has these deeply interesting things to say on the recent remarkable changes in the work of the world.

ON PEACE AND WAR

The prosperity of 1929 has been regained and surpassed, but war is already invading the social field. Should another general war break out a total collapse is practically certain.

ON MAGIC

No one could doubt that, if by some magic formula peace were suddenly guaranteed for the next ten years, there would be such an acceleration of the world's economic rhythm as would outstrip all previous records.

ON THE RISING EAST

In 1936 Japan's proportion of world trade was only three and a half per cent, not an excessive share for a country with a population of over seventy millions. What really shocked the competitors of Japan was not the immense quantities of Japanese goods put on the market, but the very low prices at which they were sold. The same situation existed in China, India, and Java, where also there was no reason why modern industry should not approach Western standards of efficiency, given capital, organisation, education.

ON EAST AND WEST

For the East to make a mass assault upon the international market at prices defying competition, regardless of the effect on the older industrial countries and the living standards of their workers, inevitably leads to the erection of trade barriers and to international animosities which profit nobody. It is a problem to be worked out rather than fought out.

ON ECONOMIC EQUALITY

Fair dealing between employers and workers does not make up the totality of social justice. The wide gap between the remuneration of those engaged in manufacturing and those engaged on the land needs to be closed. Again, if social justice is to form a basis for universal peace there must be some approach to greater economic equality between nations.

Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 53 the two best paintings were sent in by George W. Kearey,* 48 Grange Drive, Blackley, Manchester; and Gladys Wise, 3 Glenhurst Avenue, Ilighgate Road, London, N.W. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Hedley Allen, Rugby; E. Best, West Croydon; Keith Brownlie, Exeter; Pat Cruxton, Sutton Coldfield; Rena Dalton,* Kinross; Bridget Dingley, Robertsbridge; Dennis Eagle, London, N.1; Joyce D. Ilmer,* Thornton Heath; Thomas A. Iry, Preston; Bobby Hamilton, Kilmarnock; Ruth Harle, Portsmouth; Kathleen Herring, Southall; David Hum,* Woodford Green; Mary Hunt, South Croydon; Barbara James, Middlesbrough; Joy D. Johnson, Hamborough Head; A. Kennard, Haringay; Lucy Lawton, Manchester; Michael McGhie, Loughborough; Muriel Montgomery,* Manchester; David T. Owen, Devizes; James Phillips, Birmingham; Cynthia Sassoon, London, W.1; Mary Taylor, Lostock, near Bolton; Vincent A. West, Dinas Powis, Glam.

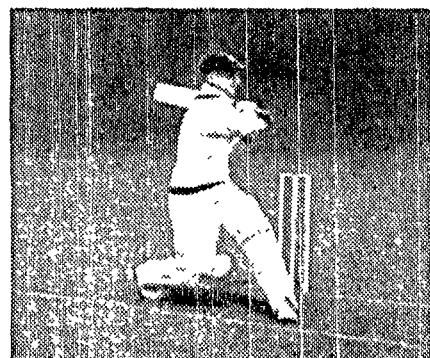
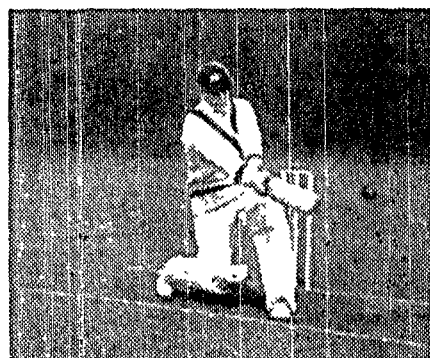
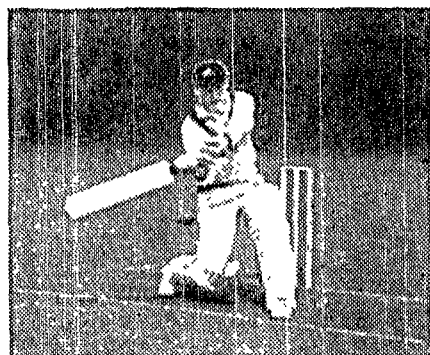
Those prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk have obtained new readers and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize.

The Car of the Sea

The Jutlandia, the world's first motor ship (known when she was launched in 1912 as the Motor Car of the Sea), has been brought to the Thames to be scrapped.

Don Bradman and His Men

ENGLAND IS MEETING AUSTRALIA



Don Bradman Hits Out—a series of pictures from a film

The Kangaroo is on the Lion's tail. The first Test Match between England and Australia is about to begin at Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

Hitherto it has been runs and runs all the way with Don Bradman's eleven. They seem to have caught the knack of making centuries from their captain, who never tires of showing how it is to be done. Not without reason has a sound English critic called him the greatest cricketer of the age. To his batting he adds fielding, and even there can show his men how to do it, though they do not stand much in need of instruction, for little gets past them, and they have a habit of standing in places inconvenient to the batsman.

Excellent Fielding

There you have the customary Australian recipe for winning matches. Bats to make runs, seemingly as many as they want, and fielding that keeps the runs of the other side down, by making strong bowling deadly and weak bowling strong.

Then there is O'Reilly, who bowls with his head as well as his shoulders, and is head and shoulders above anyone else the Australians have to show us. He is the successor to the Spofforths, the Turners, the Trumbles, and Grimmetts of the past, and there is a tendency to describe him as the best bowler in Australia or England. He has spin and length, but we do not rate him with any of the four named, or with many English bowlers of the past. The question is whether we have any individual bowler to compare with him now.

Fleetwood-Smith Can Be Hit

Modesty forbids that we should point to any individual bowler on our side, especially now that Larwood is past his best. At his best Larwood was the finest bowler of this time. Apart from him, England may hope to put in the field four bowlers whose combined skill is greater than that of the best four Australian bowlers, O'Reilly included. Next to O'Reilly is Fleetwood-Smith, a very dangerous man when he finds his best form, but one who if he loses it can be hit all over the field by batsmen of Test quality.

We might say of the Australian attack that first there is O'Reilly, and then there is Fleetwood-Smith, and then there are nothing but change bowlers. There might have been McCormick, their fast bowler, but since he has been in England his expresses have not carried conviction, and he has actually sent down more no-balls than wickets.

Our Bowling More Varied

To sum up, the Australian batting is strong, and must always be while Bradman is there, and is backed up by Fingleton the sticker, McCabe the stylist, Badcock, Chipperfield, and Brown, all run-getters. Their bowling is a two-man affair; and though the fielding makes it better it has nothing to spare as a driving force.

Of the English eleven it is too early to speak. We are inclined to think that thus early in the season it has not yet found its feet. The Australians have only just finished one season to begin another, and are more likely to have their eye in at the beginning. But, putting Bradman aside, our batting strength is superior, our bowling more varied; and the only department where we are inferior is in fielding. Let us hope that we have not too much of it to do, and remember that the eleven we are pitting against Bradman's men is certainly no worse than the one which won two Test Matches out of five in Australia, and only lost the fifth by the toss of the coin, which gave them the worst of the wicket.

HERRINGS AGAIN

The Government and the Fishermen

CHEAP MOTOR FISHING BOATS

Real help is to be given to the British herring industry by a Government Bill now before Parliament.

Its most important provision is a grant of £250,000 to help fishermen to acquire new motor-boats.

The Secretary for Scotland told Parliament how heavy had been the decline in the herring fishery. The landings now are rather less than half those before the war, and the number of drifters is not very much more than half.

The chief trouble is the shrinkage of exports. Continental countries provide themselves with herrings and no longer buy ours, as they used to do, in enormous quantities. Our object is to secure the biggest possible share of the reduced market and to develop home consumption to the utmost.

Why Help is Needed

The first need is an efficient fleet, and this is the reason behind the grants for new motor-boats. Hitherto the herring fishery has been mainly carried on by steam drifters. The cost of a steam drifter is £10,000; the maximum for a motor-boat would be a third of that sum.

Mr Loftus, M.P. for Lowestoft, pointed out that the Bill mainly helped Scotland, and asked for a subsidy for the fishermen. Motor-boats, he said, were useless in the rough East Anglian autumn weather.

Mr Boothby told the House that salt herring was a most delectable food. Mr Loftus said that in Edinburgh he asked for herring hors d'oeuvres and could only get what had been tinned in France.

It is to be hoped that the new measure will be fruitful, for, as Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes reminded the House the fishing fleet is of "immense importance" in national defence. He is convinced that steam trawlers, "splendid little stout sea-going vessels," are a most useful aid in time of need.

Grace and Beauty in Hyde Park

The League of Arts has arranged excellent programmes for the Saturday performances of plays, operas, and dances on the natural amphitheatre of Hyde Park this month and next.

This is the 18th year of this happy idea, and we hope many of our readers who have not witnessed these joyous performances will do so. There is no charge, but visitors are asked to buy programmes as a contribution to the expenses and to the Hospital Fund.

On June 18 Basque children will dance their national dances, and on June 25 the choral ballets Old King Cole, by Vaughan Williams, and The Golden Goose, by Gustav Holst, will be given.

The performances will not take place if the weather is wet.

The Sleeper Bus

The sleeper car is now a common and familiar thing on all railways, and it has been followed in U.S.A. by the sleeper bus.

A daily cross-country sleeper bus is now working between Los Angeles and Kansas City. The trip of 1500 miles takes 52 hours. The fare is £5 plus £1 for a berth, upper or lower. The bus has berths for 25. Single berths are 29 inches wide and six feet long. Each compartment has its own radio, mirror, table, and washstand, with hot and cold running water. Passengers are able to prepare for bed in perfect privacy.

TEN GOVERNMENTS COMPARE NOTES

Wild Life in Africa

Delegates from ten Governments have been meeting at the House of Lords, discussing wild animals.

They were representatives of Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Egypt, Holland, and France, and they discussed with those of British race how best they could preserve animal and plant life in Africa. It was the second international conference of its kind, and each nation is now vying with the others in the establishment of parks and reserves.

Italy, which has already established national parks on the Giallo Range and in Lower Jubaland, and a strict natural reserve at Bubasci, has a scientific mission exploring East Africa, as Abyssinia is now called by her, to find other suitable sites.

Southern Rhodesia reported that she had recently declared Lake Alice (five square miles in area) a bird and game sanctuary, and was considering an area of 2,250,000 acres in the south-east as another. Bigger still is the 4000 square miles of the Serengeti Plains which the Tanganyika Government is making into a national park.

The Union of South Africa is still the leader in this good work. Mr C. T. Le Water, the High Commissioner, told the conference that it is a matter of national pride.

So satisfactory has been the work for Africa that the nations are already thinking about a similar plan for Asia.

C N War Horses

Since buying our tenth Old War Horse friends from India, Thornton Heath, Dulwich, Essex, Halifax, Mansfield, and Tough have sent us another three pounds. Our latest gift is an anonymous one from Hawkhead sending along five shillingworth of Bun Pennies for the cause.

SETTING HER HOUSE IN ORDER

New French Decrees

The decrees which the French Government have been issuing should do much to restore confidence and prosperity to France.

Among them is State provision for a three-year public works programme, including the spending of nearly £9,000,000 on slum clearance.

Where they are needed free ports are to be established to encourage foreign countries to import the produce of French colonies by way of France.

As in this country, certain industries are experiencing a dearth of skilled workers, so it has been decreed that all between 14 and 17 now engaged in industry are to have a period of special training. This is a scheme our own Government should watch.

The rigid 40-hour week is to be modified so that in case of need a week of 48 hours can be worked, the succeeding week being 32 hours. The decree makes the working year 2000 hours, and this will enable urgent tasks to be completed without delays.

Treasure Trove

The other day a sewer shaft was being sunk in Collyhurst, Manchester, when a five-foot seam of coal came to light, 68 feet below the surface.

Out poured the precious black nuggets, and in the twinkling of an eye the shaft was surrounded by excited mothers and their children. The coal belonged to someone (there were mineral rights somewhere), but no one thought of that! Buckets, prams, boxes, and pinafores carried away cargoes and returned for more, till someone thought of transporting the whole "find" to a yard close by, and poor people were invited to help themselves—which they did, as long as such unlooked-for luck held. Many tons were thus collected.

AN AMERICAN LANDMARK

799,000 Apply for Help

It is a thing of historic importance, the first payment of Unemployment Benefit by the State of New York.

Under the law, which America owes to Roosevelt, each of the 48 States makes its own unemployment insurance scheme and the Federal Government pays part of the cost.

In a report dated April 5 the New York Commissioner says that in the first quarter of this year one out of every five workers in the State registered for benefits. The number of applicants was 799,421, but many had no legal claim.

The number of claims passed was 335,000, involving a payment of £3,400,000. This covers only nine weeks, for the first benefit payment was not passed until January 29. The minimum benefit is 35s a week; the maximum £3.

We may gather from these details how much the scheme was needed.

Set an Eel to Catch a Cat

The cat, as we all know, likes fish, yet in spite of this it is necessary to keep cats at the Zoo aquariums, for rats also like fish.

But four cats at the New York Zoo turned traitors. They were put on patrol in the aquarium and kept down the rats, but one wise old cat, thinking the fish might be better, tried one, with sad results for the aquarium.

The keepers were not long in tracing the source of the lost fish, and it was decided to teach the cats a lesson. Dr Coates, head keeper of the aquarium, took several electric eels from a tank, put them on the floor, and let the cats into the room. They made a dash for the fish, but soon jumped back in alarm, and after several attempts and several shocks retired completely baffled.

The cats are now on patrol again and there are no more missing fish.

A DOMINION'S GAY STAMPS

A Gallery on an Envelope

The Air Mail has brought us from our New Zealand correspondent a picture gallery on an envelope, a gallery of stamps.

There are 15 stamps, each printed in a different colour, while only the two Air Mail stamps have the same design, a view of the airport with a plane about to land. For the rest we have a portrait of George the Sixth, views of Mitre Peak, Mount Cook, a Maori house, a Maori woman obtaining water from a hot spring; pictures of native creatures like the kiwi, the kea parrot, the tuatara lizard, and the swordfish; the head of a young Maori girl and a Maori design, and a farmer harvesting his wheat. Finally, the most costly stamp (2s) on this envelope is a picture of Captain Cook Landing at Poverty Bay in 1769. Odd that the richest stamp should stand for poverty!

So History, Geography, Agriculture, Nature, Science, and Art are all represented in the stamps of our great little Southern Dominion, the Farthest South of all, which has set St Martin's-le-Grand an example it might well follow.

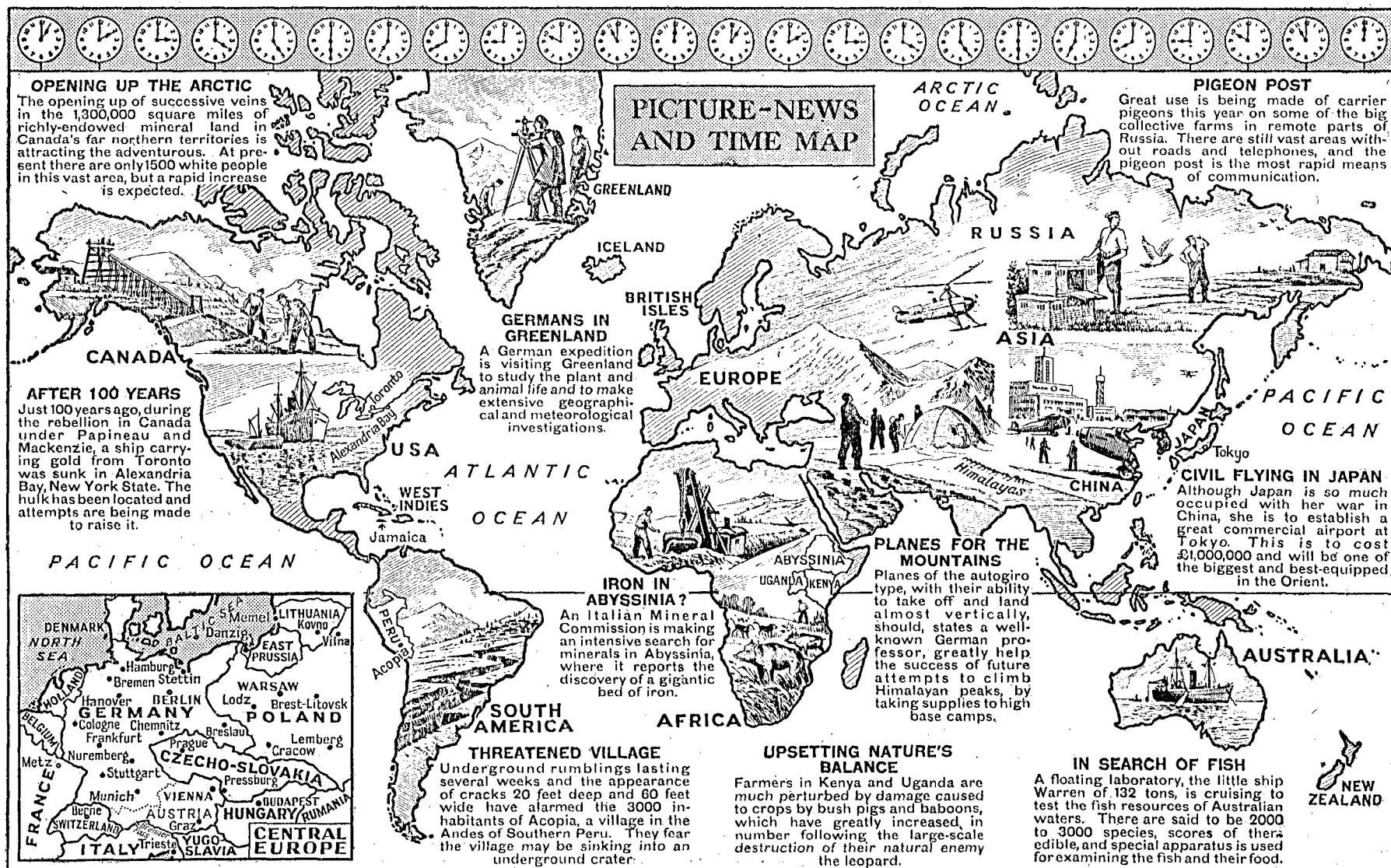
Crossing the Line

Timid travellers who dread the ordeal of being ducked or shaved when Crossing the Line at sea may take comfort from the promise made by Imperial Airways that passengers crossing the Equator for the first time will not be subjected to these indignities.

Instead they will receive an elaborately ornamented scroll with the words:

This is to certify that — has flown over the Equator in the Empire flying-boat C—, thus becoming one of the progressive band of travellers who Cross the Line by air.

This will be signed by the pilot and presented to the passenger.



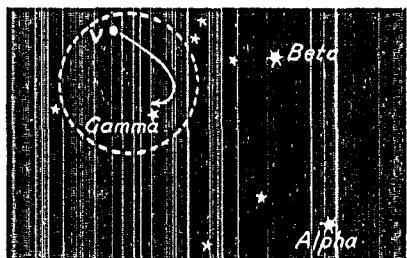
MYSTERY OF A TINY WHITE WORLD

Where Vesta May Now Be Seen

By the C.N. Astronomer

A little world that could be flown round in three hours is now speeding across the southern sky in the evening; this is Vesta, which may be easily found with the aid of the star-map. The fact that Vesta will ultimately appear quite near to the star Gamma in Libra adds to the interest of this constellation, which is due south about 11 o'clock and not very high above the horizon. As the Moon has passed from this region a good opportunity will be presented during the next fortnight for following Vesta as she travels in her curved path towards the star Gamma.

The present position of Vesta is shown on the star-map, the circle indicating approximately the field-of-view of opera or field glasses. Vesta will appear



Present position of Vesta (v), the curved arrow showing her path during the next four weeks

brighter than any small stars appearing in this field-of-view and moreover will be seen, from evening to evening, to thread her way among those fainter stars. Actually she is speeding at about twelve miles a second.

Being only about sixth magnitude and against a scarcely dark midsummer night sky, glasses will be needed to see this tiny world which is only 240 miles in diameter, but when we remember that Vesta is about 130 million miles away it seems marvellous that we can see her at all. As the disc presented by Vesta is about the width of England and Wales, say from Yarmouth to Aberystwyth, we get some idea of what our country would look like at that distance; that is, it would be just visible to the naked eye on a very dark and clear night, provided England and Wales were entirely covered with snow or something equally white.

The reason for this singular condition is that Vesta is one of the whitest bodies in the Solar System, being equalled only by the brilliantly white, cloud-covered Venus which, being so much nearer the Sun, some 67 million miles compared with Vesta's average of 219 million miles, makes the intense whiteness of Vesta all the more remarkable.

What Can It Be?

It cannot be clouds that cover Vesta, for it is known that such a small world could not retain an atmosphere. Is it then covered in perpetual snow or composed of white milky-quartz or some other crystalline mineral deposit? So far, analysis of her light has not solved the mystery of this little white world.

Early in July Vesta will apparently draw near to the much brighter fourth-magnitude star Gamma in Libra and by July 9 Vesta will appear only about the Moon's apparent width above that star. By that time Vesta will be receding from us but still easily visible in the glasses if the Moon is not too bright and near when observing.

Vesta is now almost at her nearest to us, and she takes 3 years and 231 days to travel round the Sun; it will be nearly 18 months before she will again be at her nearest. As her approach to our world varies in distance owing to the very elliptical form of her orbit she does not always come as near as on the present occasion. G. F. M.

LET TRADES MIX

One Way to Avoid Depression

The Royal Geographical Society is doing fine work for the Government in reporting on the distribution of work and population, a matter of growing importance.

In the old days we could describe British industry as mainly centred on the coal-mines. Where coal was there also were iron and steel and machinery and textiles. Coal was a magnet for work and population. A map of the coal-mines was a map of the main part of British work.

Then came changing factors, electricity to distribute coal power, the growing importance of light industries, the use of oil in road transport. These made it possible, even desirable, to work far from the coal mines, and that is why, since the Great War, industries have spread about the land, so that the South has grown in prosperity at the expense of the North.

And that is why, as we should never forget, the old coal areas in so many cases became the scene of depression and despair.

It is most obviously necessary for the Government to take account of the new conditions, and that is why the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Industry is obtaining the expert assistance of the geographers. The Commission will have before it maps of minerals, climate, ports, railways, canals, and roads, with existing industry and population groups.

When a large group of industries is formed the diversity of work saves it from the danger of such depression as has visited towns and districts devoted to particular trades. In other words, it is good for trades and industries to mix.

The Dying Tram

It appears to be generally held that the tram is dying and that the child of the future will ask: "Please, father, what was a tram?" and that father will answer: "My child, a tram was a light street railway which went out of fashion because it was found more convenient not to lay rails in cities, but to move passenger vehicles by petrol engines or by electric current picked up from overhead cables."

However that may be, a Light Railway Transport League is reported to be fighting for the continuance of vehicles running on tracks. The League recently arranged a tram ride which was 30 miles long, having secured the help of the London Passenger Transport Board. Their tram passed through many London boroughs, north to south.

But we do not understand why anyone should cling to the idea of rails in the streets; it is safer and more convenient to board a vehicle which can draw into the pavement.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of June 1913

How Animals Play. Some highly interesting problems of animal life have been discussed in London by Mr Ernest Thompson Seton, a famous English naturalist who has long made Canada his home.

Animals are in some respects much like human beings. When they are happy and safe they like to play, and Mr Seton described a great game at "King of the Castle" played in Ireland by badgers at night. Their playground was an old stump in a wood. One would climb on top of the stump and pretend to fight the others. The others would join in, males, females, young and old, and keep jumping up, seizing the "king's" tail and legs until they pulled him down, when another would take his place. Many of us have seen lambs and kids play the same game in the hills.

TENTS

At this time of the year there are tents up and down our land, tents of every size and shape, from the little square tent sheltering a couple of cyclists to the fine bell tents and the great marquees erected for flower shows. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, Territorials in training, boys and girls from the slums and our schools, all are pitching their tents in green pastures and beside still waters. Soon the bathing tents will be making patches of gay colour on the seashore.

It is easy to see that the day of the tent is not yet done. It has been a long day, and no one knows when it dawned, though we read in the Bible that Adah was the father of such as dwell in tents. We may be sure that every tent we see today is linked with tents that have sheltered men for thousands of years.

The Homes of Nomads

Now chiefly used by hunters on the trail and by soldiers on the march, tents whose lives have been too unsettled for them to build themselves an abiding city. We think at once of the Arabs who wander about the deserts, pitching their tents wherever there is pasture, and striking camp again so soon that their custom has been immortalised by Longfellow in the familiar verse:

*And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.*

Gorgeous tents made a splendid show at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Richard the First pitched his tent in Palestine when he hoped to take Jerusalem from the Turks. Mountaineers who, like Mallory and Irvine, have attempted to conquer Mount Everest, have depended on tents for shelter. Wherever explorers have pioneered a way to the North or South Pole they have taken tents with them; and it was in a tent that Captain Scott wrote his last letters.

The Men of the Bible

Noah lived in a tent, Abraham pitched his tent having Bethel on the west. Lot pitched his tent towards Sodom. Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents. The Psalmist declares, he would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of his God than dwell in the tents of wickedness; and Isaiah speaks of the heavens as being like a curtain, or as a tent to dwell in.

The poets of more modern times have had much to say of tents. John Greenleaf Whittier speaks of the grave as

*The low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings;
and Francis Thompson, writing of angels, says:*

*They have struck Heaven's tent,
And gone to cover you:
Whereso you keep your state
Heaven is pitched over you.*

Long before the days of St Paul, himself a tent-maker, and ever since, the tent has been the symbol of the march; and it was with this thought in mind that James Montgomery wrote the well-known verse:

*Here in the body pent;
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.*

The champion book collector for hospitals in England is apparently Mr S. H. Hann, a window-cleaner of Streatham; he has collected an average of 70 books or magazines every day for 11 years.

NEW FILM WONDER

Will Aluminium Replace Celluloid?

Now that so many films of historic interest are being made and stored for posterity, the problem of preserving them for a really long time is being considered anew.

Even if motion-picture films are kept in air-conditioned vaults the celluloid becomes brittle in course of years, and it is possible that the recent improvements in non-flammable film will cause it to be used in preference.

But films made on a very thin band of highly polished aluminium are being tried again. The idea is not entirely new, but new advances in photographic film-sensitising may make it possible today, especially in view of the far more powerful projectors now available.

An aluminium film is run through the projector with a powerful beam of light thrown on the surface, and not through it, and it is the rays reflected from the surface which are collected by the lens and thrown on the screen. A good point about the metal film is that a picture can be printed on each side of it, and this becomes important when quantities of kine-pictures are to be stored in a country's archives.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

On Monday we are to hear a programme of tunes submitted by girls and boys during the present term; and on Friday 40 children from one of our strangest schools, which is in Cardiff Docks, and has pupils of 28 nationalities, will present their own programme.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Environment of Cultivated Plants: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Concert of Pupils' Tunes.

TUESDAY, 11.25 History in the Making. 2.5 How to make an Aquarium: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 Desmond MacCarthy on R. L. Stevenson's Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. 3.0 Elgar's Enigma Variations (1).

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Dark Continent: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Intelligence: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 France in the Workshop: by E. M. Stéphan. 2.5 Village Workers and Their Homes. 2.30 From Guild to Trade Union: by Ida K. Summerhayes.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Summer Trip to Leningrad: by E. G. R. Taylor. 2.30 A Dockland School in Cardiff. 2.55 Poetry Programme—Ballads. 3.15 Next week's broadcast music: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Writing a Play: by Denis Johnston.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training For Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister. 3.0 Elementary French.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training For Juniors (Twins): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Farms of Scotland—Hen-coops and Pigeons: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 Two Scenes from Sir Walter Scott: by W. M. Clyde.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—New Forms of Life: by A. D. Peacock. 3.0 Songs of the U.S.A. (4): Arranged by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—How much can you hear? by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 A Moorland Walk: by A. Scott Kennedy. 3.5 Scots in the Empire: by J. D. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Geography of Europe—Ports and Frontiers: by J. F. Stewart. 2.55 The Borders—Story, Poem, and Song.

Meet Snow White

Not only Snow White but all the seven dwarfs and many other characters are ready to entertain you in your own home.

You may have seen their amazing adventures on the cinema screen, or that may still be a treat in store for you; but meanwhile the whole happy gang (and we include even Grumpy) present themselves for your entertainment as a most fascinating card game. Those wet evenings or wet days during the holidays will not seem nearly so long if you have a pack of Snow White cards with you. They may be had for 1s 6d at any toyshop or bookshop.

THE DERELICT

Short Story
By W. H. Morris

CHAPTER 1

"Is Anyone There?"

THE setting sun looked like a ball of molten gold about to plunge into the sea when a big, cabined biplane, fitted with pontoons for landing on water, came flying across the Southern Pacific. The pilot was a broad-shouldered man in the early twenties, with a square, dimpled jaw and deep-set grey eyes, and he was lounging at his ease, one hand resting on the joy-stick, while his feet made occasional movements along the rudder bar.

Dave Hudson flew his own plane, and made a living carrying passengers and goods between the mainland and the islands which lie off the coast of eastern Australia. Just now he was flying a young planter named Peter Hamilton to Brisbane.

Hamilton was looking through a window watching the movements of a brig far below. She was a vessel of about 200 tons, with only her topsails spread, and she was behaving in a puzzling manner, constantly changing her course, veering every time the wind shifted.

Presently the planter leaned forward in his seat and tapped Dave on the shoulder. "There's something queer about that vessel," he said. "Why does she keep tacking like that?"

The young airman made no answer, but took up a pair of binoculars and focused them on the brig. After a little while he handed the glasses to his companion.

"There is no one at the wheel, and the ship appears to be deserted," he said in a sober voice.

Hamilton took the binoculars and studied the vessel through them. "You're right," he answered excitedly. "She's a derelict. The lifeboats are missing. I wonder why the crew deserted her? The weather has been perfect for weeks; besides, it doesn't look to me as though she has been damaged in any way."

Dave Hudson nodded slowly. "I'll circle over her," he suggested. "Maybe then we can find out what is wrong."

"Yes, do," the planter said eagerly, and Dave pushed his joy-stick forward and went swooping down towards the brig. At about 200 feet he levelled out, and flew round and round above the ship, while Hamilton studied her afresh through the glasses.

"She's a derelict right enough," he declared at last, lowering the binoculars with a bewildered frown. "There isn't a trace of anyone on board. But I can't understand why the crew abandoned her. Everything seems to be all right as far as I can make out."

"H'm!" the young airman replied. "There may have been an outbreak of some deadly infectious disease, cholera or plague, and the crew took to the boats in a panic." Hamilton shook a puzzled head.

"I should like to get to the bottom of the mystery," he said.

"If you like I can land near enough for one of us to board her," Dave offered.

"Can you?" the planter cried eagerly. "Very well, then. I certainly think we ought to investigate the mystery. There may be men on board too sick to signal to us."

Dave nodded without speaking again, and banked so as to land head-on to the brig. Then he throttled his engine, and the biplane swooped toward the sea. Sheets of spray flew out as the pontoons skimmed the surface of the water, and then settled deeper to take the whole weight of the plane.

There was hardly any wind now, and the brig lay practically motionless. Dave had judged his distance very neatly, and their momentum carried the plane alongside the brig, so that one of the wings almost scraped her side. Hamilton was already out of his seat.

"I'll go aboard and take a look round, while you stay with the plane," he said.

Saying this, he opened the cabin door and scrambled out on to the lower wing. Edging his way along this, he managed to reach a trailing rope, and climbed up it to the deck. For a moment or two he stood looking about him. Everything was silent, save for the gurgling of water against the brig's sides and an occasional faint creak of masts and rigging.

By this time the sun had dipped below the horizon and the brief tropical twilight was fast deepening into darkness. Hamilton was not an imaginative man, but he experienced a sudden uneasy thrill as he looked about the deserted ship. There was something almost sinister in the dead silence.

"Hallo! Is there anyone aboard here?" he shouted, and was a little startled by the sound of his own voice.

There was no answer, and the young planter made his way along the deck. As he was passing an open hatchway he thought he heard a faint sound from below, and he stopped and peered down into the hold.

"Is anyone there?" he shouted, but still there was no answer, though the faint sounds continued.

Hamilton stooped still lower over the open hatchway, wondering whether what he heard was the scuffling of rats, and as he strove to pierce the darkness of the hold he became aware of a fetid, musky odour that rose in warm waves to his nostrils. Then, with a sudden leap of the heart, the young planter saw a pair of eyes gleaming at him from the darkness below. The sounds grew louder, and suddenly broke into a slobbering snarl.

Thoroughly alarmed, Hamilton was on the point of returning to the biplane when he heard another sound. It was a cry for help, and it appeared to come from the cabin. Hamilton hesitated for an instant, torn between a dread of what might be lurking in the hold and a natural impulse to help whoever had just called. Then, ashamed of his cowardice, he hurried along the deck toward the cabin.

At the top of the companion-way he halted, loth to lose sight of the open hatchway whence the snarl had come.

"Hallo! Is anyone down there?" he shouted, and heard a faint answering cry, and a groan.

Hamilton hesitated no longer. He ran down the companion-way and tried to enter the cabin. But the door was closed, and it resisted all his efforts to open it. After a bit he gave up the attempt to force the door and stood listening intently. Everything was so deathly silent now it seemed to Hamilton that he could hear the pounding of his own heart. With an effort he fought down a feeling of horror.

"Hallo!" he called out again in a rather breathless voice. "Open the door!"

There was no answer, and the young planter gave another half-hearted heave at the door. Then he hurried back up the companion-way, and reached the deck just in time to see an ungainly figure climbing through the open hatchway. For a moment he thought it was a human being; then, as

the brute reached the deck, he saw that it was a big orang-utan.

For a few moments the creature crouched near the edge of the open hatch, watching Hamilton with wicked, close-set eyes, while the young planter stared back, too startled to speak or move. Then the great ape moved slowly toward him, walking on the outside of its feet with an awkward, stooping gait, and helping to balance itself by touching the ground on either hand with its knuckles. As it advanced it gibbered and showed its big yellow incisors and four tremendous dog-teeth, and Hamilton realised that if he stayed where he was he would be torn to pieces. So he made a dash for the rail, and slid down a rope so quickly that he almost skinned his hands.

CHAPTER 2

Dave's Ruse

THE biplane was still alongside, rocking gently as the waves slapped against the pontoons, and one wing was still almost touching the brig's side. Hamilton scrambled into the cabin, and heaved a sigh of relief as he closed the door behind him.

"What's wrong?" Dave Hudson inquired, and whistled softly when Hamilton told him.

"I suppose the ape got loose and so terrified the crew they took to the boats," he said.

Hamilton nodded, and peered through the cabin window at the brig, trying to see something of the orang-utan.

"What about that chap in the cabin?" he asked anxiously. "From the way he groaned he seemed to be badly hurt. We've got to do something about him."

Hudson bit thoughtfully at his lower lip. "I wish we had a gun," he said. "A full-grown orang-utan can kill a man easily."

He let his eyes wander slowly round the cabin as though in search of a weapon. Hamilton was still peering up at the brig.

"We've got to do something," he said again in a desperate voice. "We can't leave that wounded man in the cabin. He may be dying. Besides, suppose that brute breaks in on him."

"I've got it!" Dave Hudson suddenly cried, and pointed to the chemical fire extinguisher which hung in the cabin. "We'll use that," he said.

Hamilton stared as though he thought his companion had gone suddenly mad. "What do you mean?"

"That extinguisher contains carbon tetrachloride, which is similar to chloroform

only much more deadly," Dave explained. "I've been told that one of these cylinders contains enough of the gas stored under pressure to kill 20 or 30 men. Maybe we can overpower the orang with it."

Hamilton looked dubious. "It sounds a crazy idea to me," he said.

"Can you think of anything better?" Dave asked, as he reached for the fire extinguisher.

Hamilton made no answer. Dave opened the cabin door and stood for a moment or two looking up at the brig. Everything was silent, and there was no sign of the brute.

Carrying the extinguisher in one hand, the young airman made his way along the lower wing till he reached the hanging rope. Again he stood listening, but still no sound broke the silence save the lapping of the waves. Dave handed the extinguisher to his companion, who had followed him out of the cabin. "Toss it up to me when I get aboard," he said.

The young planter's face was rather pale. "That brute will get you the moment you set foot on deck," he said.

"I'll risk that," Dave Hudson answered coolly, though his heart was beating faster than usual. And, before Hamilton could say anything more to dissuade him from his desperate venture, the young airman had seized the rope and was going nimbly up it.

As his head came level with the deck he looked about him with a quick glance, ready to slide down if the orang-utan came for him. But the deck seemed to be deserted, and, climbing over the rail, Dave called down to Hamilton, who tossed the extinguisher up.

Even as he caught it, however, Dave heard a guttural snarl, and turned to see a monstrous, shaggy form rise from where it had been crouching among coils of rope behind the mainmast. For a moment the giant ape stood there gibbering. Then it lurched toward the airman, jaws agape to reveal a cavern of pink flesh. Dave Hudson lifted the extinguisher and pointed it at the brute. Suddenly he drove in the plunger which released the gas, and the carbon tetrachloride spurted with a hiss from the nozzle.

The cloud of deadly vapour caught the orang-utan full in the face, and the brute snarled in a sudden panic and bounded backward. Crouching on the deck, it began to cough and choke like an asthmatical old man, rocking its ungainly body from side to side and wiping its smarting eyes on a long, hairy paw.

Dave advanced slowly, still holding the metal cylinder at arm's length in front of him, and once again the carbon tetrachloride sprayed into the great ape's face. This time the orang-utan turned and fled, scampering across the deck on all-fours like a big, ungainly dog, whimpering with terror.

Dave watched the brute until it vanished down into the hold. Then he hurried to the cabin, and had just reached the companion-way when the door opened and a man appeared at the foot of the stairs. His face was deathly pale, and a blood-stained rag was tied round his forehead. One arm hung limply by his side, as though it were broken, and he clutched with his other hand at the edge of the door and stood there swaying.

He was a pitiful sight.

Dave Hudson wasted no time on questions. Running down the companion-way, he assisted the injured man to the deck. Then, with the help of Hamilton, he got him into the cabin of the plane. After a while he was able to tell his story.

The Southern Cross was bound for Brisbane with a miscellaneous cargo which included an orang-utan that had been trapped in Borneo for a zoological collection. Somehow the animal had broken out of its cage and had badly mauled the captain, who just managed to stagger to his cabin in search of a revolver before he fainted. Afterwards the panic-stricken crew of Kanakas must have taken to the boats and abandoned the ship, for when the captain regained his senses he found himself alone on the brig.

So he had locked himself in the cabin, where he had fallen into a kind of stupor. Later he had been roused by the roar of the biplane's engine, and, hearing someone moving about the deck, he had called for help. But before he could unlock the cabin door he had fainted again.

"What became of the orang-utan?" he asked, after he had finished his story; and Dave Hudson explained what had happened.

"Twas a mighty plucky thing you did," the skipper of the Southern Cross declared, and Dave flushed with embarrassment.

"It was nothing much," he answered modestly. "Now, you take things easy while I fly you to Brisbane. Later you can make arrangements for salvaging the brig."

JACKO MAKES THE WHEELS GO ROUND

JACKO and Chimp stared hard through the clock-maker's window.

"Tricky job that," muttered Chimp. "Look at all those tiny bits of wheels he's putting together."

Jacko looked on with a superior air. "Not a bit," he said. "It's only a matter of remembering where all the bits belong. I could do it easily."

"Says you," laughed Chimp. "If

"Oh, here you are!" cried Father Jacko, hurrying to meet him. "This is the clock I was telling you about," he explained. "It belonged to my great-grandfather, and must be at least 150 years old. It's still working, you see. Keeps excellent time."

"Hmm! An interesting piece," remarked Mr Monk, peering up at it. "But it seems to have stopped."



With a yell the unfortunate man jumped back

you could pull a clock to pieces and put it back again so that it would go I'll eat my hat."

"I could then," insisted Jacko. "I'll show you," he added under his breath.

Soon after they were home again. As Jacko entered the house the grandfather clock was chiming the hour. Jacko stared at it for a moment then he went in to his dinner.

That afternoon, while they were having tea, the bell rang and Mr Monk, the antique dealer, came in.

He pulled at the door, which opened with a jerk. To his amazement the clock face quivered, leant forward, and fell with a crash on his head.

With a yell the unfortunate man jumped back—just in time to avoid the weights, which followed it. The rest of the works followed, and the next moment the whole clock, except the case, was lying in a heap on the floor.

"I can't understand," began Father Jacko. And then he caught sight of Jacko's face—and he did!

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SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

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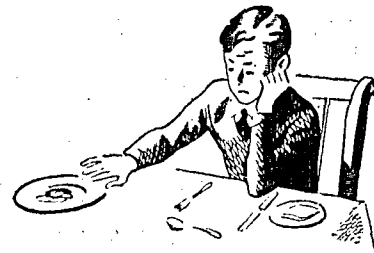
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Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date

Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to the Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



Billy only liked lean meat.
The golden fat he would not eat.

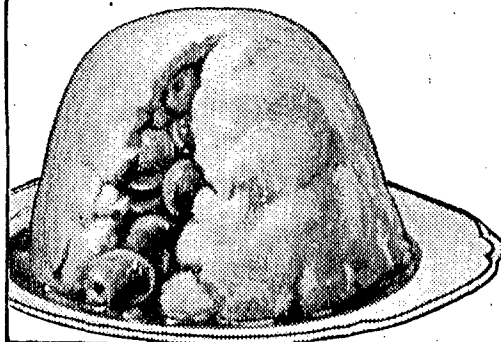


Wise Grandma said: "The way to
do it Is pudding with Atora suet"



Soon Billy grew a
bonny lad -
Top of the school
and pride of Dad.

"Atora" puddings solve the difficult problem of the children who dislike fat. The doctor will tell you that "Atora" is beef fat in its most digestible form, rich in the vitamins so necessary for youthful development. So don't worry about the children's dislikes, but give them what they *do* like—plenty of delicious puddings made with "Atora" containing all the nourishment they need.



Send a postcard to-day
for a post free copy of 100
best pudding, etc., Recipes,
to HUGON & Co., Ltd.,
Manchester, 11.

N.56a

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

June 11, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Nerve

PICKPOCKET: "Excuse me, sir, but would you mind seeing if I left my glove in your pocket just now?"

Ici On Parle Français



Un ajonc gorse Le camp camp. La bruyère heather

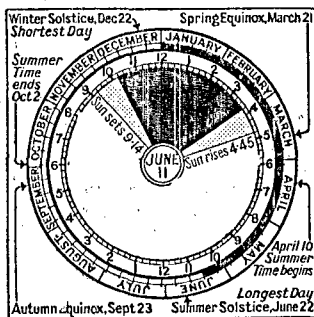
Les éclaireurs ont trouvé une belle brande pour leur camp. Elle est couverte d'ajoncs et de bruyère.

The Scouts have found a lovely heath for their camp. It is covered with gorse and heather.

What Happened on Your Birthday

- June 12. Dr Arnold died . . . 1842
 13. Fanny Burney born . . . 1752
 14. Battle of Naseby . . . 1645
 15. Wat Tyler killed . . . 1381
 16. Henrietta Stuart, Duchess of Orleans, born . . . 1644
 17. Joseph Addison died . . . 1719
 18. Battle of Waterloo . . . 1815

The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 11. The black section of the circle under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone.

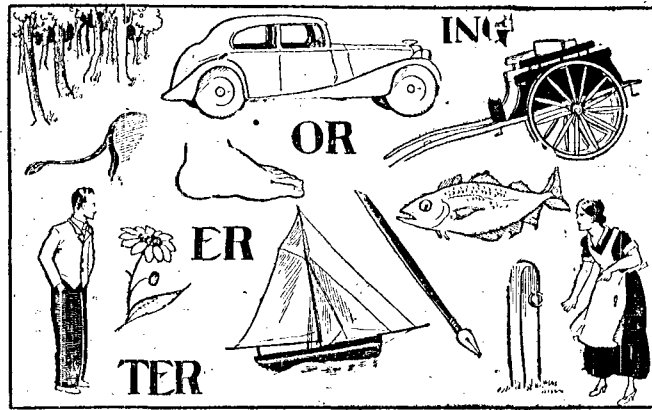
FIND THE WORKERS AND WIN A PRIZE

Money Awards and Cameras for C.N. Girls and Boys

How many workers can you find in this picture?

By taking the names of the objects and using the syllables given and placing two or more together you can make the words required. For instance, the first picture shows a wood, and there is also a picture of a MAN,

making together WOOD-MAN; take the picture of a TAIL and use the syllable OR to make TAILOR. You may use the words represented by pictures and the syllables more than once if necessary; but the name of any separate part of a picture may not be used, as, for example, a wheel.



To the Grumbler

I DON'T deserve (the grumblers say), To be so luckless, poor, and ill. Says Peter Puck, Continue, pray! The list has other items still. You don't deserve the morning sun, You don't deserve the summer sea, You don't deserve the frosty fun When leaves are whirling from the tree.

If Heaven gave us just our rights The world would ever mourn that hour, For none deserve the starry nights, And few deserve a primrose flower.

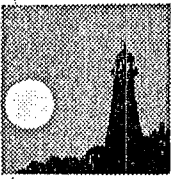
This Week in Nature

Now that rose-trees are blooming a beetle may sometimes be found in the flower. It is

the rose-beetle, a beautiful insect coloured green glossed with gold on top and bright copper underneath. This beetle does not confine its activities to roses alone, but devours the parts which bear fruit on the strawberry.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is in the west. In the morning Jupiter is in the south and Saturn is in the south-east. The picture shows the moon at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, June 12.



For the two most complete lists prizes of 10s are offered and 20 box snap-shot cameras for the next best. In ties the prizes will be given to the best-written entries qualifying.

This contest is for girls and boys of 15 or under and only one attempt may be sent by each reader. Write your list on a postcard, add your name, address, and age and send it to C.N. Competition Number 55, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, June 16. Write clearly at the top of your list the number you have found. The Editor's decision is final.

WOULD YOU LIKE HALF-A-CROWN?

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C.N. for a month, 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Cathedrals Are These? Rochester, Gloucester, Peterborough, Bangor, Carlisle, Canterbury, Salisbury, Southwark.

Nature News. 1 Swallow, horse, muscels. 2 Cricket, bat, plane. 3 Rush, thyme, kite, fly. 4 Elder, hare, fir, furze.

A Wonderful Country. Switzerland.

A Puzzle Proverb. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

H	A	B	I	T	S	T	E	M	P	E	R
E	L	L	E	T	H	E	R	E	E	Q	O
L	A	R	E	A	L	I	S	T	O		
P	I	N	M	R	L	E	E	A	T		
S	K	I	E	R	E	U	R	N			
E	L	D	I	S	A	R	M	S	T	R	
D	E	P	O	T	P	A	E	R	I	E	
G	P	L	E	N	I	T	U	D	E	N	
E	M	S	M	E	D	A	L	D	O	T	

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

RUBY loved helping Mother with the cooking. When she was very small she used to beg a piece of dough and make cakes for her dolls. Then she would have a grand tea-party for them, and as the dolls could not eat the cakes she would eat them herself.

So when Ruby's birthday came her present from Dad was a complete cooking outfit. There was the mixing-bowl, pastry-board, rolling-pin, cake-cutter, and a little tin to make the cake in. Ruby was very proud of her present.

Besides this there was a parcel from Mother. Ruby squealed with delight when she unwrapped it, for in it

was a neat white apron and cap to match, just big enough to fit her.

"Now," said Dad, "you'll be able to make us some cakes instead of the dolls."

"Yes," answered Ruby. "I shall feel just as grown-up as Mother in my new apron, and I will do exactly as she does."

After that the cookery lessons began. Ruby learnt how to weigh the flour and sugar and measure the milk or water for herself, until Mother said her little girl was going to be a first-class cook.

One day Mother was very busy. Grandma and Grandad were coming to stay, and there was a great deal to do.

"Ruby," she called. "You must help me this morning. Run into the garden and pick some gooseberries, and then you can make a gooseberry-tart for me."

Ruby took her little basket to the garden and in a few minutes it was filled.

"Now," said Mother, "top and tail them, put them in the colander and wash them."

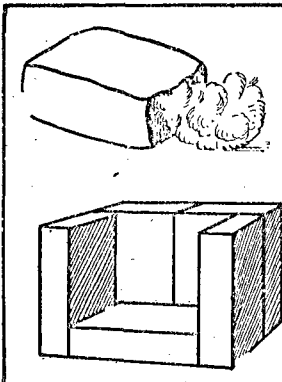
This was soon done, and, feeling very important, Ruby put on her cap and apron, fetched the mixing-bowl, and set to work. She weighed the flour, rubbed in the other ingredients, and mixed it up as Mother had taught her. Next she rolled it on the

GOOSEBERRY TART

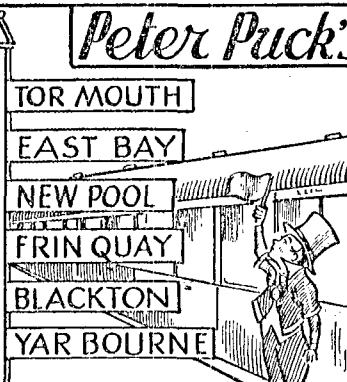
pastry-board, popped it over the pie-dish (with the egg-cup), trimmed the edges, and brushed the top with egg, all ready to be set in the oven.

Dad came home with Grandma and Grandad, and the tart with its beautiful brown crust came to the table. Ruby eagerly told Grandma she had made it, and Grandma said how nice it looked. Mother cut the crust, saying it was very light and flaky. Then she exclaimed in surprise.

Ruby peered at the tart, afraid that something had spoiled it, and to her horror the dish was empty. She had forgotten the gooseberries!

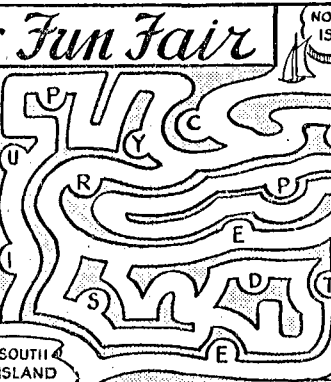


Here is an easily-made settee for little sister's doll's house. Glue five match-boxes together, as shown. Make a cushion and fill it with cotton-wool.

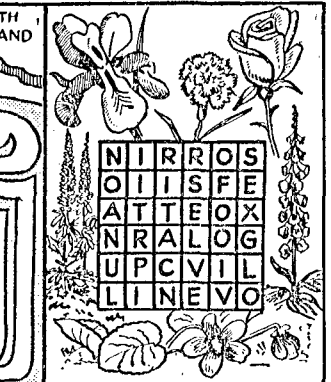


Someone has mixed up the names of six popular seaside towns. Can you straighten them out?

Answers next week



Find your way from North Island to South Island. If you take the correct route you will pass letters in the proper order to spell the name of an island.



Starting with the corner squares, pass through every letter once to spell the names of the flowers shown. Move in any direction except diagonally.

TRY MY BREW FREE!



EVERYONE who tastes it enthusiastically agrees that there can be no other drink quite so delicious as Mason's Botanic Beer.

This healthful, non-intoxicating beverage is easily brewed at home from Mason's extract of Herbs and because of its undoubted wholesomeness should be in every household.

Send to-day for a free bottle of Mason's Extract and prove for yourself what a delightful drink Mason's Botanic Beer really is.

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

costs only 9d. per bottle—sufficient to make six gallons—from Grocers and Chemists, or fill in the coupon for a generous free sample.

Good it's MASON'S BOTANIC BEER FREE GALLON

To NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM. Please send me sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gall. of Mason's Botanic Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Name and Address in Block Letters
 Dept. C.N.

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES!

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.

THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE. FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
 Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.

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